

LOVE · IN · ART



MARY KNIGHT POTTER.

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LOVE IN ART

Art Lovers' Series



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LOVE IN ART

BY
MARY KNIGHT POTTER

Illustrated



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INTRODUCTION.

THE love between man and woman has been told in story and poem since long before the days of Sappho. It forms, indeed, the subject of the great bulk of what we call literature. In music, love's domain is less extended. With the exception of song and the opera, most of the greatest music has, in its title at least, no hint of the great heart history of human kind. In this respect the plastic arts are more allied to music than to literature.

The masterpieces in painting and sculpture are generally not labelled love stories. It is possible, to be sure, to interpret some of them till a half hidden love suggestion

appears, made more beautiful, perhaps, by its very obscurity. But this is exactly what poetic minds frequently attempt when listening to the great sonatas and symphonies. The composer may have meant something of what the musical psychic thinks he finds; or he may never have dreamed of expressing anything except purely musical thoughts,—inexpressible in words.

There is, indeed, more than fancy in the claim that sound and color has each its own language with which it conveys its message to the initiated, strengthened, rather than limited, when words fail properly to interpret it. Perhaps, too, it is because love's romance has been told so voluminously in literature that the two other arts give less time to its portrayal.

However this may be, it is nevertheless true that many beautiful pictures and

sculptures do tell, in no uncertain language, the old, old story which will charm the world so long as there are men and women to read it. To separate and properly classify every picture and statue produced since the beginning of the great Grecian period, touching in any way upon this subject, is practically impossible. Even a summary of the most remarkable works must, from some points of view, be incomplete. There is always the question how much reading into a picture is allowable. Moreover, people do not always agree as to what constitutes a love story.

In the following chapters an effort has been made to reduce the work to its simplest proportions.

As Venus has been known for ages as the goddess of love, any picture or statue of her may unquestionably come within its scope. Cupid, her irresponsible son,

whose game is the human heart, being the cause of all the heart troubles and heart happinesses, must also have a place here.

The illustrations of any definite love story, whether the amours of god and goddess, of people who live in literature or only in the artist's fancy, are, of course, still more natural divisions of the book. After these come the real love stories of real people. Here is where discrimination must come in and where the author's individual opinion may war against that of the majority.

When an artist portrays a family group, of father, mother, and children, that may seem to be a fair example of Love in Art. At least, one hopes the ideal passion was at the basis of the union which made the family possible. Again, when a man or king commands the portrait of his sweetheart, wife, or mistress, the fulfilment of

the order, since it represents the man's or king's love, might also reasonably be counted upon to come within the pages of this volume.

There seems, however, one flaw in the reasoning of both these assertions. To know what love is, one must have loved, just as truly as, to know what life is, one must have lived. Unless, then, the love story is felt, there must be something lacking to its perfect presentation. Now, given certain experiences and instincts, a painter may paint a king's mistress or a true man's bride so that the world might guess the love story of the lustrous eyes, and curving lips. Undoubtedly, however, the painter usually does no such thing. From some points of view a cowslip is always merely a cowslip to the most poetic of artists. Another man's beloved inspires him, perhaps, to paint the most charming and truthful of portraits. He

does not put into it, however, what, even without his knowledge, will always go into his picture of his own true love.

It may be urged that neither does the artist's interpretation of merely ideal, or mythologic, or literary love scenes hold a truer expression of his own feelings. Yet, generally, if a story is of unknown or ideal people, every one is apt to read into it some of his own experiences, thus making it more truly personal. Besides, painting or chiselling a self-chosen subject is always different from fulfilling any commission, even though it be to portray a beautiful woman. This is the distinction which has seemed of sufficient weight to decide the lines upon which this book is laid. Only when it appears that the artist himself felt the story he was telling has it been introduced here. Portraits of the loves of the artists by the artists themselves, then, are the only witnesses to

the real love stories of real people which have been admitted.

The historical order is chosen because it seems the most natural and least confusing. As will be seen, Greek art is placed immediately before that of the Renaissance. Roman art at its best was a hybrid, and all that was worth preserving in it came directly from the Greek. Consequently, the book is divided simply into the Greek, Renaissance, and modern periods of art.

The line is somewhat arbitrarily drawn, separating the art of the Renaissance from that of modern days. It is always a question where one begins and the other leaves off, unless the term Renaissance is applied strictly to a period of Italian history. The influence of the great Italians, however, is so strongly shown in the works of Velasquez, Murillo, Van Dyck, Rubens, Poussin, and, perhaps in a lesser degree,


in Rembrandt, that it seems best to place these masters within the charmed days of the rebuilding of art. In this book, then, modern art is supposed to date from about the middle of the seventeenth century. If the division is unsupported by many authorities, at least it has the advantage of being easily remembered. As this is not an exhaustive treatise, but is primarily for those who have neither time nor desire to do much original research, and to present an interesting subject in as uncomplicated and direct a manner as possible, the present scheme appears to be, on the whole, the best attainable.

PART I.
GREEK ART.

LOVE IN ART.

CHAPTER I.

LOVE IN GREEK ART.

 HERE are only a few broken fragments left of the art of ancient Greece; yet these fragments have been the guide, teacher, inspirer of all art of the Western world, for over two thousand years. The more one thinks of what this means, the more marvellous it seems. If these broken, defaced figures place this art above that of all other times or nations, what would be the result if we might see the unspoiled labor of those wonderful centuries before the Christian era? The fame of Greek

art does not rest, however, upon its probable perfection. It is the perfection of the mutilated remains themselves which dwarfs all consequent endeavors.

If it could be proved that these mementos were really all that ever came from the hands of Pheidias, Cleomenes, Praxiteles, Scopas, we must still acknowledge in them a beauty since unapproached. Even more might be said. If the Parthenon wonders had been entirely obliterated; if the Hermes lacked torso, as well as arms and legs; if the Laocoon had perished in its own constrictions; if not even a coin bearing feeble copies of renowned statues remained; if nothing save the Venus of Melos were left as witness of the grandeur of Greek art, this statue would be enough to show the inadequacy of all that man has since accomplished.

For once, popular prejudice and æs-



VENUS OF MELOS.

thetic criticism are in accord. To the uncritical, as to the connoisseur, this figure seems the embodiment of all the majesty, power, and beauty of perfect womanhood. As she stands amid her rich-toned hangings in the Louvre, one pities the generations who never knew her. Indeed it is hard to realize that till 1825, for perhaps two thousand years, her existence was not even suspected. So completely does she satisfy the craving for artistic perfection of form and pose, combined with spiritual grace and beauty, that one wonders how art could have lived without her.

As is well known, modern criticism is inclined to assert that the incomparable figure was intended to represent the Goddess of Victory. To the world at large, however, she will remain what she was first called when taken from her rocky hiding on Melos: Venus, the Goddess of

Love. The very fact that she is, as Mr. Stillman says, of grander lines than belong to the Greek Venus, that her figure is more commanding, her face nobler, only makes her more truly a fit personification of what great love should be.

No one knows her sculptor. She belongs probably to the immediately post-Pheidian epoch. Authoritative opinions attribute her to the time and school of Scopas, who worked about the middle of the third century before Christ. There is one bit of internal evidence to prove that she represents a higher type of womanhood, or goddess-hood, than the Greeks gave to their Venuses. It is an old Greek saying that only a cow-herder like Paris would ever prefer Praxiteles's Venus to the Minerva of Pheidias. This is very fair testimony as to what was considered a true Venus type. The records go to show that Pheidias, the loftiest

sculptor the world has known, never chiselled a statue of Venus. No beauty of form could appeal to him unless it was vivified and deified by nobility of mind and spirit. Minerva, rather than Venus, claimed his worship, and he carved many rarely wonderful statues to her honor. The most beautiful of all, probably, was the one that stood in the Parthenon. He used scenes from the life of Venus, however, as accessories to other groups and figures. On the base of his greatest masterpiece, the statue of Jupiter, for instance, one of the reliefs in gold represented Aphrodite rising from the sea, while Eros received her, and Peitho crowned her.

Praxiteles, on the contrary, found the charm and grace of the goddess of love peculiarly attractive, and he produced many exquisite statues of her. This artist came just before the more corrupt

and sensual age that succeeded the Peloponnesian War. Lovely as his work was, it lacked something of the purity of line and conception of the greater Pheidias. His Venus of Cnidus, however, was almost as much esteemed as was the latter's magnificent Jupiter Olympus.

In that statue she was shown nude, standing easily, and gracefully dropping her garment on a vase at her side. The general outlines are known from the Cnidian coin, and in the Glyptothek at Munich is perhaps the most celebrated copy of her. His Cupids were also rarely bewitching. In the Vatican is a torso supposed to be a copy of one of them. The beautiful boy's head is inclined forward, and the face wears a charmingly soft and dreamy expression.

To Cleomenes, a contemporary, as well as to Praxiteles himself, is attributed the Venus de Medici. She was excavated



PRAXITELES. — CUPID.

near the middle of the fifteenth century; her arms were gone, and it is doubtful if the restoration gives their correct position. If they were differently placed, it seems sure that the graceful form would at least show to better advantage. She is the forerunner of many well-known Venuses: Venus crouching in the bath, Venus loosening her sandal, Aphrodite Callipygus in the Museum at Naples, Medicean Venus in the Capitoline at Rome, Venus Anadyomene, Venus of the Vatican, and Venus Victrix of the Louvre.

Whether the ancient masters ever portrayed in their figures of goddess or nymph the face of their wives or sweet-hearts cannot be positively known. Perhaps then as now some of the perfection they saw in loved ones was transferred to enduring marble. Probably, however, till the beginning of the decadence of the art, their greatest triumphs were in purely

ideal conceptions. There are many copies of their Venuses and Cupids, but the most beautiful are those here spoken of. And high above all stands the glorious Melos. In truth she is a Victory rather than a Venus, — the victory that physical beauty, when reinforced by the charms of mind and soul, must always win over the mere perfection of face and form.

PART II.
RENAISSANCE ART.

CHAPTER II.

BIBLICAL LOVE STORIES.



ANY centuries unproductive of great artistic achievement stretch from the decadence of Greek art to the beginning of the Italian Renaissance. At length, following the darkness of the middle ages, came the first gleams of the dawn of that revival which was to blaze to midday splendor and sink into a gorgeous sunset, whose rosy afterglow may still be seen even about the horizon of the art of to-day.

The painter and sculptor were so completely the servants of the Church during the early years of the Renaissance, that their brush and chisel seldom delineated

any subject of a secular character. Consequently artists seldom pictured that love which at its highest joins man and woman in true wedlock. Such scenes would have found few purchasers among their churchly patrons. Pictures of the life of Christ chiefly appealed to the taste of the time ; but Biblical or ecclesiastical stories of any sort were both legitimate and marketable.

Before the beginning of the fourteenth century, the great Giotto painted on the walls of the Arena Chapel the meeting of St. Joachim with his wife St. Anna. Here, whatever heavenly inspiration fills their hearts, we find the two stately figures embracing each other very tenderly and very humanly. They are coming from opposite directions across a passageway under an arch raised on severely simple pillars. The two are attended by youths and maidens, who, heavily draped and somewhat figureless, are yet not without distinct

actuality. St. Joachim's arms are about St. Anna, while her hands press his face close to hers. In spite of their middle-aged sedateness, there is about them a real feeling of wedded happiness. The picture as a whole perhaps does not show Giotto at his best, but its lines of composition are interesting and forceful, and the figures live and move. The tremendous advance painting had made from the time of Giotto's master, Cimabue, is here clearly shown and might fairly prove Giotto's right to be called the father of modern painting.

Fra Angelico, who came nearly a century later, of all the painters of the Renaissance was the most ideally spiritual. Mundane affairs never disturbed his serene soul, and his pictures of saints and angels are so full of the very essence of piety and religious ardor, that one can well believe Vassari's statement that this painter-monk

never began a picture without first seeking inspiration in prayer. Fra Angelico never introduced into his holy scenes anything more worldly than the portraits of some of his brother priests. Yet, though he may not have realized it himself, he left behind as sweet a love story as was ever confided to wall or canvas. In the Academy at Florence is his Last Judgment, painted originally for the Church of the Monks of the Angeli in Florence. On the Paradise side of this old fresco the angelic inhabitants of the Blessed Land are meeting and conducting on their way the souls of those who are worthy. The tender rejoicing with which they clasp each other in greeting has surely never been more delicately, yet fervidly indicated. In the foreground is a man with a monk's shaven head. His arms are about a lovely little angel who clasps his neck and presses his head to hers. Near by are other pairs, embracing

with equal joy and tenderness. The ring which they are joining for the celestial dance is formed of many such couples, holding each other confidently by the hand. Fra Angelico probably devoutly believed that in heaven there would be no marriage. Yet even he could not depict the perfect happiness of united souls, and leave wholly untold the story of such love as existed between his own father and mother.

Fra Filippo Lippi, another painter from the priestly ranks, was quite unlike his pious predecessor. Little of the angelic quality is found in his work, but he struck a joyous, human note, and in his little pictures he was especially happy. Like the majority of the Renaissance painters, he principally represented scenes from the life of the Virgin. At Oxford, however, there is a charming panel by him that comes under our title: the Wedding

Feast of Joachim and Anna, which is a fair example of his pleasing arrangement of figures, and his lovely coloring in delicate blues, greens, and whites.

Contemporary with Filippo Lippi, though outliving him for nearly thirty years, was Benozzo Gozzoli. He was a pupil of Fra Angelico, but he, too, has little of his master's spirit. He delighted in picturing all sorts of extravagances, from queer beasts, birds, and reptiles, to strange and profusely decorated buildings. He was one of the most naïve of the early painters, and his genuine joy in outdoor sports and gay festivities is constantly shown in his innumerable decorations. On the walls of the Campo Santo, that wonderful old burial-ground in Pisa, his riotous fancy finds full sway, and here is his version of the Marriage Feast of Joachim and Anna. A reproduction of dancing girls who seem fairly filled with

the joy of movement and life, is taken from this scene.

The story of St. Cecilia was a favorite one with the Italian painters, and pictures of her marriage or meeting with Valerian are frequently seen. Francesco Francia, the friend and admirer of Raphael, painted one such marriage, which is still at Bologna, in the Oratory of St. Cecilia. It is a quiet, dignified composition, well, if not vividly drawn, showing the two under a marble archway, surrounded by many companions. There is a complete lack of jewels or embroideries in the costumes of the pair, and St. Cecilia's white tunic with its crimson over-robe and her sleeves beneath of a pinkish red, are richly handsome only because of the harmonious coloring and graceful lines. The saint's face is slightly immobile, though feminine and rather pleasing, her yellow hair being her really pretty feature. The background

is a landscape in pale, cool green, and the composition as a whole is stately and interesting.

On canvas, which was used by the Venetians long before it was popular in the rest of Italy, Carpaccio painted for the Scuolo of St. Ursula an exquisite meeting of the Prince of Britain with Ursula. This is now in the Academy at Venice, and in grace of form and movement, and charm of expression, is worthy to be placed high on the list of beautiful works. Carpaccio has caught the very essence of the pure, devout spirit which legend says characterized those two youthful saints. Another love scene by this sensitive painter is his meeting of Joachim and Anna, now in the Academy at Venice.

In the Loggia of the Vatican in Rome are the remarkable frescoes called Raphael's Bible. Among these world-famous



FRANCIA. — MEETING OF ST. CECILIA AND VALERIAN.



scenes is that of the first meeting between Jacob and Rachel. It has not quite the symmetry and noble lines in composition of most of the great Umbrian's work, but it is delightful for its pastoral simplicity in color and drawing. Wonderfully real sheep are thirstily drinking at the trough, while Rachel and the girl with her have turned towards the bearded stranger who is rapidly approaching. His outstretched hand, his whole air of eager admiration, as he gazes at Rachel, tell the story of his attraction. She, in turn, looks at him from under lowered lids, a half-conscious blush showing upon her drooping face.

David Watching Bathsheba is also in the same collection. The future mother of Solomon does not appear as beautiful as the old story describes her, except perhaps for her long wavy hair, which she is brushing. David's charmed delight, how-

ever, as he leans forward watching her, are clearly shown in his face and pose. Raphael was only twenty-five when he painted these frescoes, and though his art grew with every year of his life, even at that age he had left most of his competitors far behind him.

The one wall painting which is surely Titian's is in the Carmine in Padua, and is probably the only Biblical love story his brush ever essayed. It represents the meeting of Joachim and Anna, and is not Titian at his best.

One thinks of Giorgione as antedating Titian, yet he really was born a year later. If he had lived to Titian's age, Cadore might not have been the birthplace of the greatest of Venetian painters. There is little left now to show what Giorgione actually accomplished, but it is enough to prove him a better draughtsman and a no less marvellous colorist than his famous

rival. One of his supposed works is the Meeting of Jacob and Rachel, now in the Dresden gallery. In this painting the absence of affectation, the freshness of motive, and the wonderful expression in both their faces, and especially in that of the shepherd boy watching the love greeting, make it far more beautiful than the one in the Vatican.

The sixteenth century had passed its first quarter, when Paul Veronese was born. His very name calls up a series of glorious-colored, life-embued compositions which give him a unique place even among the color-loving Venetians. The best known of all his works are perhaps his series of frescoes in St. Sebastian, illustrating the Life of Esther, the woman who won the love and honor of Ahasuerus. One of these shows the Jewish girl led down a royal flight of marble steps to the king. It has all the life, light, and verve

that characterize this Venetian. Though there is a suspicion of the theatric in Esther's pose, and in that of the man bowing before her, the general lines of the composition are grand, and the masses are splendidly balanced. Another shows Esther richly and exquisitely dressed, fainting in the arms of two attendants, while the king starts towards her from his throne.

With the exception of Tintoretto, Veronese is the last great name of the Renaissance. For the next century the true spirit of these years of revival is to be found in other countries, who thus late came under the influence of Italian art as it was at its best.

Contemporary with Giovanni Bellini, Titian, and Veronese, were the two great Northerners, Holbein and Dürer. Holbein left a series of woodcuts showing Esther crowned queen, with the king

whom her beauty had subjugated beside her. Dürer painted Anna and Joachim embracing at the Gate of Jerusalem.

Nearly a century later, Nicholas Poussin, father of the classic school of painting in France, was continuing with indefatigable zeal the traditions of the masters of art. His Ruth and Boaz, in the Louvre, is one of his most characteristic Biblical subjects. This represents a large field full of women harvesting. Ruth in the foreground kneels in front of Boaz, who in answer to her supplications orders a slave to let the charming girl glean as she desires. The drawing and composition are excellent and dignified, and something of the spirit of old Biblical history dwells upon the scene. In the same gallery hangs his Eliezer and Rebecca.

Here, too, is one of Rembrandt's works, Bathsheba Reading a Letter from David. In color, this is as charming as anything

Titian or Correggio ever achieved. The flesh tints of Bathsheba, who sits nude on a white-covered couch, are exquisite. Another Biblical love scene by the great Dutchman is Samson's Wedding, a somewhat boisterous composition, rather in Rembrandt's later style.

Guido Reni was born more than twenty-five years before Rembrandt, and with none of his mighty genius. But, even if his own talent had been greater, the decadence into which Italy had fallen might have benumbed it to incomplete expression. Guido's works, however, have always been very popular. A certain story-telling quality, joined to extremely pleasing color, has made him a favorite. His Rebecca at the Well is a fair example of his style. Rebecca's face is sweetly attractive, and if Eliezer was not personally charmed with the helpful maiden, he was of sterner stuff than have been the emis-



GUIDO RENI.—REBECCA AT THE WELL.




saries of most princes. It hangs in the Pitti at Florence.

The Spanish Murillo painted this same subject. In his work Eliezer has already begun to drink from the pitcher. It is rather less theatric and is better balanced than the former. It now hangs in the Museum of Madrid.

CHAPTER III.

VENUS AND CUPID.

ENETIAN art was late in developing, and almost from its birth it differed radically from that of its sister cities. Religion in Venice lent itself readily to all the gorgeousness and pomp that were a very part of the city's existence, and there was little more of the ascetic in cloister and church than in civic life. As a natural sequence the Greek goddess of love very early became a subject for Venetian painters.

Giovanni, son of Jacopo Bellini, first of those great Venetians whose color was to capture the world, painted Venus at least twice. One, called the Venus of the Bel-

vedere, is now in Vienna. The other, Venus as Empress of the World, is in the Museum of Fine Arts in Venice. To our modern view, there is something crude and hard about this latter, and Venus has little of her historic beauty. It is an extremely interesting composition, however, though it falls far behind the wonderful Bellini Madonnas, one or two of which in many respects have never yet been surpassed.

Andrea Mantegna married Bellini's sister, but in the somewhat uncouth, if rarely vigorous works of Mantegna, there is little to show the influence of his brother-in-law. In the Louvre is an example of him at his very best. It represents the Muses dancing to Apollo's lyre, while Mars, Venus, and Cupid stand on a rocky height looking down upon them. At a slight distance Vulcan is threatening his faithless spouse. The

very spirit of Greek art is in this little picture. It is composed with all Mantegna's wonderful feeling for line, balance, and mass, and the figures are drawn with less of that meagreness which characterizes many of his classical subjects.

Contemporary with these two men, though not born until 1447, was one Florentine who had little in common with his churchly brethren. The weird imagination of Sandro Botticelli gives him a unique place among the artists of any age or country. During the rage of Pre-Raphaelitism, worship of him was rampantly insisted upon. To-day there are two strongly antagonistic opinions concerning him. Either he is tremendously admired or tremendously detested. It has to be admitted that his work is capable of arousing some kind of intense thought and feeling; indifference to it is



BOTTICELLI. — BIRTH OF VENUS.

hardly possible. He painted numbers of Venuses, and of them all the one called the Birth of Venus, in the Uffizi, is perhaps the most beautiful. The goddess, standing in a charmingly graceful attitude upon a huge shell, is borne to earth by numerous loves and graces. Much has been written of Botticelli's wonderful feeling for the rhythm of line. Even the least of his admirers must recognize the exquisite sense of curve and movement in the long hair of the goddess, and in the outline of her figure. If the face were less mournful, with less of the strained expression which we of nineteenth century nerves know so well, this work would surely have captivated even Botticelli's detractors. Another Venus, less celebrated, in the National Gallery of London, shows her reclining, while Amorini pelt her with roses. In the same gallery is still another Venus, fully

robed, partly sitting, and partly lying, watching with a resigned expression the apparently noisy sleep of a stolid-faced Mars. Two or three Satyrs enjoy the scene, and are evidently the only ones who see any fun in it. One twisting over towards them is a veritable imp. The lines of composition, and especially the line from Mar's shoulders to his foot, are beautiful. Otherwise there is little in the picture to give pleasure. In the Louvre is yet one more Venus by Botticelli, less notable than the two just mentioned.

Raphael painted no Venus. His designs in the Farnesina were only drawn by him, and then colored by his scholars. The outline sketches, however, are Raphael's art at its height, and repay the most careful study. To mention only a few of them: Venus pointing out Psyche to Cupid, who is now a youth, and Venus

sitting on a rock with some drapery streaming behind her. The fitting of this and all the other subjects into the spaces assigned to them is a wonderful example of one side of the master's genius. Another shows Venus seeking aid from Juno and Ceres. She is nude, save a bit of drapery about her loins, one end of which she holds in her right hand. Again, in her car drawn by doves, she is on her way to obtain assistance from Jupiter.

In the Venice Museum are two exquisite drawings of Cupids. In one the chubby little fellows are dancing, and though Raphael hardly more than indicated the contours of their figures, it is wonderful how adequately the joy and merriment are expressed. The other shows four little Loves with a pig which they have captured and killed. One is pulling his playmate away as he tries to step upon the prostrate animal.

Michael Angelo spent little time portraying the softer emotions of mankind and he is known to have made only one cartoon of Venus. A colored copy of this which shows her embracing Cupid, was made by Pontormo, and is in the Uffizi. A sleeping Cupid was executed by Michael Angelo in his early youth, and its beauty at once made him famous. No one knows what has become of this, though Symonds and some others suggest a statue which is in the Liceo of Mantua. Another Cupid by him is in the South Kensington Museum.

Only one Venus by Giorgione is thought to be in existence, and it has been questioned if even that is really his. Modern criticism, however, generally accords him the lovely sleeping Venus in Dresden. This exquisite figure lies at full length on the sward, one arm over her head, her eyes closed, the very



CORREGGIO. — EDUCATION OF CUPID.

spirit of sleep decended upon her. The drawing and flesh tones are equally superb; nothing of more perfect feminine beauty and charm is known in all the work of the Renaissance.

The Education of Cupid, where Mercury is teaching the young god to write, while Venus looks on smilingly, is one of Correggio's works, showing him at his best. He gave more care to line and composition in this than in many of his paintings, and it has, too, all the truth of drawing and beauty of color, so characteristic of this "Faun and Ariel" of the Renaissance as Symonds calls him. The figure of Venus is marvellously perfect, and if she lacks something of the grandeur of the sculptured Venus of Melos, she has still less of the earthiness of the Medici. Here, for the first time in this brief summing of the noted Venuses of the Renaissance, is a charmingly studied ef-

fect of chiaroscuro. Every bit of light-imbued flesh is balanced by adequate and rich-toned shadow. The whole is a joyous scene from the heart of Olympia. It is now in the National Gallery at London.

Luxurious, rounding form, exquisite flesh, and glorious red hair distinguished the women Titian painted over and over. He named each a Venus, but in many cases the title seems hardly appropriate. Modern taste would oftener call the pictures merely studies of nude women. Presumably, Titian painted the models he chose because their beauty of line and color made him wish to transfer them to canvas. Once finished, however, the taste of the time demanded a literary reason for their existence, and they became "Venuses."

The first great canvas of Titian's youth was Sated and Artless Love. It



TITIAN. — SATED AND ARTLESS LOVE.

has also been called Sacred and Profane Love, though in that case it seems difficult to decide which figure is sacred and which profane. Sacred Love sits at one side of the picture fully dressed in softest silk, shimmering with gray reflections and belted with a red girdle with jewel clasp. In one of her hands are some fading roses. Artless Love is nude except for a bit of golden white drapery, enhancing the still more golden whiteness of her skin. Her hair is chestnut, and falling from her left arm are folds of crimson silk. Between the two, Cupid leans over the heavily carved fountain or well and dabbles in the water. Titian never painted anything more delicate and graceful than the nude woman here. The picture is now in the Borghese Gallery.

His Venus of Darmstadt lies asleep on red velvet cushions, with one arm under her shoulder. This has been largely

repainted. The outlines, however, are beautiful, and the curves of the body exquisite.

In *Venus with the Shell* there is a perfect rounding of the flesh, done almost without the help of shadow. Its silvery color contrasts superbly with the brighter tones of the hair, water, and sky.

The *Tribuna* of the Uffizi holds another *Venus*, painted about 1537. Compared with the *Darmstadt*, she is more fully matured, yet still lithe and slender. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's description of this canvas may be quoted in full. "Lying as nature shaped her, with her legs entwined at the foot of a deep green hanging, on a muslin sheet that covers a ruby tinged damask couch, her left arm reposes on her frame, her right supporting her on cushions whilst the hand is playing with a chaplet of flowers. We may fancy her to have bathed and to be

waiting for the handmaids who are busy in the room, one of them having raised the lid of a chest and taken a dress out, whilst a second stoops to select another. Meanwhile, a little dog sits curled up on the couch. In forming this Venus, if Venus be an appropriate name, Titian seems to have conceived his picture, not after the model of a Phryne, nor yet with the thought of realizing anything more sublime than woman in her fairest aspect." He does what no other master of any age does so well, — makes "a beautiful living being whose fair and polished skin is depicted with enamelled gloss, and yet with every shade of modulation which a delicate flesh comports; flesh not marbled or cold, but sweetly toned, and mantling with life's blood, flesh that seems to heave and rise and fall with every breath. Perfect distribution of space, a full and ringing harmony of tints, atmosphere

both warm and mellow, are all combined with something that is real; and we feel as we look into the canvas that we might walk into that apartment, and find room to wander in the gray twilight into which it is thrown by the summer sky that shows through the coupled windows."

At Florence, too, is his Venus and Cupid. Here the goddess turns to listen to her son, who whispers over her shoulder and puts a tiny hand upon her throat. In this picture the lovely woman is in truth the goddess, calm, passionless, beautiful. The boy Cupid is arch and handsome, and as typical of Titian as are Raphael's cherubs in the Sistine Madonna of him.

The Venus of Madrid and the Venus of St. Petersburg are two more of his famous canvases, though little of his own color is left on the latter.

Once more, in the Borghese Palace,



TITIAN. — VENUS AND CUPID.



Venus and Two Graces teach Cupid his vocation. Here the goddess is clothed, but her arms are bare and show every lovely curve as she binds the eyes of Eros, who leans upon her lap. She listens to the whispers of another Cupid resting on her shoulder; and behind them is a sky of pearly tints above a landscape of hills.

Veronese, whose glorious story of Esther has been mentioned, was no less wonderful in other subjects. At Rome, in the Borghese, is a Venus by him that is more truly drawn than most of Titian's, and is no less superb for its flesh tones. The fair woman is resting on a seat upon which stands a gay little Cupid. A satyr on the other side of Venus raises a basket above his head.

Tintoretto cared more for telling a story originally than for perfect construction of his figures. Often he was

theatric and over-elaborate, but, at his best, unequalled in expressing movement and the glimmering of light on polished flesh. The Pitti Gallery in Florence holds one of his well-known pictures, the family group of Venus, Cupid, and Vulcan. Venus lies somewhat on her side, leaning upon her elbow as she gazes at the baby Cupid on her arm. Vulcan bends over, lifting the drapery from the baby. As usual, the drawing is not impeccable, and the faces are not over-beautiful. Venus, nevertheless, is charming, and the difference in tone between her light, brilliant flesh and the rugged darkness of Vulcan is strongly effective.

Very different from Titian's are the Venuses of Rubens, the painter, statesman, courtier, scholar. The overbuxomness, the too-too solid flesh of almost all the women in his pictures, whether they were goddesses, nymphs, or mortals, is

probably owing to the type of model he found about him in Antwerp. In spite of extraordinary composition, rich flesh tones, and truth of construction, these billowy folds of flesh are never quite forgotten. His Birth of Venus in the National Gallery, and his Venus with Cupid and Adonis, and the picture of Mars and Venus, are three fairly representative ones of his classic style.

Van Dyck was the inspired, dissipated portrait-painter of the court of Charles the First of England. Wonderful in color, line, and execution, Van Dyck's works are the direct outcome of the Italian Renaissance, yet are wholly his own. Although preëminently a portrait-painter, his work in other lines is almost equally interesting, and several of his Venuses are noteworthy and beautiful. Among them are his Venus and Adonis; Venus and Vulcan, in the Louvre; Venus

looking at herself in a mirror held by a negro, which was probably directly influenced by Titian; Venus taking off the Armor of Mars; and many pictures of Cupids. One of these shows him fast asleep in the position of Giorgione's Venus. He is chubby and curly-wigged, but there is little of the rogue about him.

By the later Italians, those men who came just after the last word in painting and sculpture had been said, there are many delightful portrayals of the goddess of love and her son. In Vienna, Caracci is represented by a Venus and Cupid, and Bronzino has one of the same subject in the Uffizi. Two others of his are Venus, Cupid, Folly, and Time, in the National Gallery, London, and Venus with Cupid and a Satyr, in the Colonna Gallery in Rome. Guercino has a charming drawing of a Girl and Cupid in the Museum at Venice, and another of

Venus and Cupid in Rome. Domenichino, called the greatest painter of the Bolognese, has a delightful Venus, Cupid, and Satyr in the Pitti. Albani, portrayer of delicate feminine subjects, has a Venus with Cupids in the Corsini Gallery at Rome, and another of Cupids dancing about a tree, while Venus watches from the clouds. Guido Reni has a characteristically sweet and tender Cupid in the Corsini; another in the Gallery of St. Luke in Rome, where he stands with bent knee, and one uplifted hand holding an arrow. Still another is asleep, lying on his left side with his wings stretched behind him. This last is a very lovely, sleepy little god, well drawn and with graceful lines of composition.

Poussin, of course, with his taste for classic lore, painted both Venus and Cupid. In Dresden is his Sleeping

Venus, which, in spite of the painter's study of the antique, looks rather too much like a French nymph. The landscape behind her is hard and polished. Among his others are a Venus and Adonis, in the Montpellier Museum; Venus Asleep, at Dresden; Venus Mourning Adonis, and a Venus and Mars in the Louvre.

Velasquez rarely painted the nude. The religious fervor which pervaded the court of Philip the Fourth frowned upon the too vivid portrayal of beautiful flesh. One Queen of Love, however, he did paint, now at Rokeby Park, England. The goddess reclines with her back turned, her face reflecting in a mirror, which is held by a kneeling Cupid at the foot of the couch. This is a companion piece to one by Titian, and is said to rival it in drawing, color, and wonderful flesh tones.

Venus appealed almost as little, apparently, to Rembrandt as to his Spanish compeer. In the Louvre is his Venus and Love, which, however, is more truly a picture of maternal devotion. A brown-haired woman wearing a green dress, with unhooked chemisette, fondles a small Love wrapped in gray cloth, standing on her knee with his wings spread out. The color of this picture is unsurpassed; the flesh is as clear and pure and vividly real as in the greatest works of the Venetians.

CHAPTER IV.

MYTHS AND FANCIES.

BY the time of Raphael, artists all over Italy had ceased to confine themselves to the portrayal of religious subjects. Though the northern part of the Peninsula still chiefly produced Madonnas, Ascensions, Crucifixions, and the like, even there painters frequently illustrated fancies of their own or scenes from pagan mythology.

Pier di Cosimo, who helped Roselli with his frescoes of the Sistine Chapel, painted some charming scenes from the Greek myths. In Florence is his story of Andromeda, one scene showing her

rescue by Perseus, and in Milan hangs his Theseus and Ariadne. Pier was influenced by Signorelli, Filippo Lippi, and Leonardo da Vinci, while he in turn was the teacher of Andrea del Sarto. His color is beautiful and transparent, his drawing excellent, his ideas thoroughly original. At present few of his pictures are known to be in existence.

The story of Danae, one of the loves of Jupiter, has been a favorite theme with painters. A version of the tale by Lorenzo di Tomasso Lotto differs greatly from all others. The picture is in a private collection, but Danae is described as lying fully clothed in a wooded landscape, while Cupid pours a shower of gold from the clouds. A female satyr watches, peering from behind a tree, and a faun is stretched out in the foreground. It is painted on wood, and is less than a foot square. Danae is poorly drawn, and

the color is not particularly pleasing. It is evident, however, that the treatment of the theme is Lotto's own, not in the least an adaptation of some other painter's.

In the Madrid gallery is a really wonderful example of this master, who has only lately begun to be fully appreciated. A Bride and Bridegroom sit side by side, the man a little back of the woman, while she leans slightly towards him. He holds her hand, and is about to place upon it a ring. Behind them is Cupid, who, looking at the new husband with a merry twinkle in his eye, places a laurel-wreathed yoke upon their necks. The color of the picture is very gray, so that photographs of it give an unusually correct representation. Berenson says: "This is perhaps the first positively humorous interpretation of characters and a situation that we have in Italian painting, and we never again have it so well done. The char-

acters are presented to us as distinctly as in a modern psychological novel, and in our minds no more doubt is left than in Cupid's as to which of the two will be master in the new household."

Among Raphael's drawings for the Farnesina is the delightful Cupid and Psyche series. In one of the loveliest of these Cupid shows Psyche to the Graces. The drawing and placing of Cupid is masterly, and one of the Graces in the foreground, who stands with her back turned, is particularly exquisite in line and pose. Another is the Nuptial Banquet of Cupid and Psyche, where all the gods and goddesses are eating and drinking health to the young couple.

The wonderful drawing and construction of Michael Angelo's Leda and the Swan, now in the Dresden gallery, are too well known to need further description.

The Leda of Leonardo da Vinci is not one of his great works. Leda, who stands with her arms about the swan, is ill-drawn and unpleasing, and the composition as a whole is not attractive. It was in the Bourbon Palace.

As famous as his Venuses are Titian's many love scenes of god and goddess. One of the best known is Bacchus and Ariadne, which he painted at the court of the Estes, and which is now in England. Ariadne's lawn tunic is loosely enwrapped in an azure peplum, around which is a red scarf. The Ægean in the distance is a deep, delicious blue, and the sky curves over it full of white clouds and myriad stars. The picture is perfect in its classical spirit, the movement is wonderful, and the flesh and form of Ariadne, who is in a focus of light, are as exquisite as even Titian could make them.

The Danae of this master, now in Naples, is little like Lotto's. Though more voluptuous, it is much better art. The maid, scantily covered with a veil, is half reclining on snow-white cushions. Her face is mostly in shadow, but the entire length of her fair body is thrown into intense light. Cupid, a full-grown boy, glides away with outstretched wings, and his gesture of surprise at the shower of golden pieces is dramatically perfect. Daylight seems about fading as it lingers on the boy, and behind him the last rays of light are swallowed up in darkness. The chiaroscuro of this picture is so perfectly balanced, the modelling so finished, the painting of the flesh so surpassingly fine, that it seems wholly unapproachable.

Yet when one looks at his Jupiter and Antiope, one feels that the same ecstatic praise is again deserved. As one critic has said, "Distribution, movement, out-

line, modelling, atmosphere, and distance are all perfect." The purity and tenderness of Antiope's flesh is here thrown into strong relief by the weather-beaten ruggedness of Jupiter. It seems as if brush could never achieve such modelling and color. To remember that Titian painted this when he was over eighty, makes it all the more astounding.

The Three Ages, in Lord Ellesmere's collection, and the picture of the Warrior Davolos parting from his wife, are fancies from Titian's brain, and are both world-renowned.

Perhaps less sensuous, and in most respects fully as beautiful, are Correggio's Jupiter and Antiope, Leda, Danae, and Jupiter and Io.

The Jupiter and Antiope, in the Louvre, has a little Cupid asleep at the side of the sleeping maid, while Jupiter, in the guise of a satyr, stands by gazing

with intense admiration. The flesh tones under the play of the sunlight are dazzlingly beautiful, the darker heaviness of Jupiter serving as foil to the exquisite delicacy of Antiope and Cupid. But the awkward position of Antiope, the poor placing of all the figures, show how little care Correggio had for grand lines in composition.

His Jupiter and Io, however, is as perfect in line as it is in color, chiaroscuro, and feeling. Anything more beautiful than the curving sweep of the line from Io's lovely chin to the arching instep of her left foot, as she sits clasped in Jupiter's arms, is hard to imagine. The massing of light and shadow, too, is superb, the way the light is focused on the beautiful back of Io against the surrounding gloom, being especially effective. This painting is in Vienna.

At the Borghese is his Danae. The

maid is half raised on a couch, and at her feet the figure of Love holds out a gold piece. Below, at the side of the couch, are two Cupids busily writing. These are well known as a detail, and are charmingly and tenderly drawn.

Correggio's Leda shows her sitting against a tree in the midst of several other nymphs. The chiaroscuro is lovely, Leda's face and figure captivating. The picture is in the Dresden gallery.

Paul Veronese's Danae, in the Royal Gallery at Turin, differs essentially from both Titian's and Correggio's. The girl, whose figure is somewhat heavy, is half hiding behind a curtain. About her is a gauzy, striped drapery held by a jewelled belt, and upon her arms is a bracelet. The shadow down her back is beautiful, her feet are delightfully drawn and modelled, and the flesh is pure and clear. But altogether the picture is not so pleas-



CORREGGIO. — DETAIL FROM DANAE.

ing as other works by Veronese. It suggests, too, less of myth and more of nature.

Bacchus and Ariadne, one of Tintoretto's masterpieces, hangs in the Ducal Palace at Venice. Here are shown both the faults and the charms of this painter, who lived to see all the great lights of the Renaissance one by one die out. Ariadne sits on a curtain-draped mound rising out of the sea, while Bacchus has waded through the water to her side and is holding out the ring. The floating goddess above their heads places a crown of stars upon Ariadne's brow, at the same time lifting Ariadne's left hand to Bacchus for the wedding ring. The figures are loosely constructed, the heads decidedly commonplace; but the wonderful color, astounding management of light and shade, and charming movement, have never been more superbly rendered, and

the canvas deserves all the lavish praise the years have brought it.

His *Minerva Driving away Mars*, also in the Ducal Palace, has the same general characteristics, but is more crowded in composition and is less interesting as a whole.

After Tintoretto come Ludovici and Annibale Caracci. In the Farnesina are their *Jupiter and Juno*, where the fickle god seems for the nonce to be making love to his legal spouse; and the *Diana Embracing the Sleeping Endymion*. The Caracci were talented draughtsmen, but the decadence is more than hinted at in their work.

Of still later date are Albani's *Apollo and Daphne*, in the Louvre; Guido Reni's *Bacchus and Ariadne* and *Andromeda*, in Rome; Guercino's *Sleeping Endymion* in the Uffizi; Domenichino's *Perseus and Andromeda* in the Farnesina and his

Pursuit of Love in the Castle of Bassano. All of these are interesting and often thoroughly charming works, with drawing and coloring both generally pleasing. Yet they fall so far from the great standard set by the men born in the fullness of time, that their beauties are in consequence frequently overlooked.

One of the most noted masters of the Venetian school before Tiepolo was Antonio Belucci. His drawing was vigorous and of exquisite line, his coloring pure, his compositions original and spirited. One of the most noted of his works is the Cupid and Psyche in Munich. Psyche, with a lamp in one hand and a dagger in the other, is starting back in terror as she gazes upon the beautiful face and form of Cupid, whom she might have killed. The line and modelling of the youthful god are well-nigh perfect. His whole figure, in its

supple strength, is a really ideal creation. Belucci proves himself a master, too, in the management of chiaroscuro. Psyche's lamp throws Cupid's head and part of his torso into a forced light, while a delicious shadow sweeps over the rest of his graceful form. The canvas is one of real and unusual charm.

A love scene was Rubens's delight. His brush fairly revelled in the chance to paint blooming, luxurious flesh, excessive, riotous movement. Many of his canvases seem to our taste decidedly vulgar and voluptuous, but they are stamped by a vigorous individuality, fertile imagination, and a magnificent, if somewhat strained, feeling for the composition of line and mass. In his *Kermesse*, in the Louvre, the *Feast of Venus*, in Vienna, and the *Garden of Love*, in Dresden, the very worst of his wanton, sensual side is flamingly apparent. Crowded with figures



BELUCCI. — CUPID AND PSYCHE.

twisting, turning, bending, lolling at full length or doubled into all sorts of contortions, the massing is always fine if overelaborate. The Cupids, which Rubens sprinkled with a liberal hand wherever sense or nonsense could expect them, are all lovely. No one has drawn chubby, roguish, little Loves with a surer hand or a gayer sympathy.

In the Munich gallery is his Castor and Pollux, who are carrying off Hilæra and Phœbe, daughters of Leucippus. The horses are wonderfully drawn, and the action is spirited. His Perseus and Andromeda, in the Berlin gallery, and at the Prado, in Madrid, Venus and Adonis, in the Uffizi, and Cimon and Iphigenia, in the Belvedere of Vienna, are other well-known characteristic scenes.

Poussin, the Frenchman who lived and worked mostly in Italy, also painted many classic love episodes. Much more quiet

and reserved than Rubens, he lacked, too, something of the other's life, vigor, and color. In the Louvre are two of his more important works: Apollo in Love with Daphne, and Orpheus and Eurydice; at the Cherbourg Museum is Pyramus and Thisbe, and in Rome is his Bacchus and Ariadne.

Van Dyck's living color, power of characterization, and fine drawing were displayed, as has been said, principally in portraiture. Several love stories in color belong to him, however, among which are Diana Bending over the Sleeping Endymion, in Madrid; Danae, at Dresden; and Cupid and Psyche, — probably his last work, and which is now at Hampton Court.

Though Rembrandt, the great naturalist, seldom entered the fields of mythical love, his own mind suggested themes as full of delicate fancy and suggestion. In St.

Petersburg is his Young Fiancée, a flower-crowned maid with drapery crossed over her breast, her figure in profile, her head turned till it is nearly full-faced. Her hair falls back into the deep shadow behind her, her eyes look out with a wistful, questioning expression. Nothing could be more simply stated, but the wondering, half fearful, half glad feelings of the girl about to wed are as vividly told as if we read the words beneath.

Amsterdam has his Jewish Bride, somewhat suggestive of the Young Fiancée; in this picture the youthful husband stands beside her, one hand on her shoulder, the other at her waist in front, while her hand rests on his. As in the other work, the hands are beautifully drawn and modelled. These are more truly love stories, our modern taste decides, than any that Titian told of god and goddess.

CHAPTER V.

PAINTERS' LOVES.



THE old stories of the loves of god and goddess have a perennial charm, whether told by pen, brush, or chisel; the imaginary loves of imaginary people are still a fertile subject for poet and painter, and, well told, never fail to find willing audience; but transcending in interest the most fascinating romance are the real love stories of real people. When these are the great ones of the earth, the interest attaching to their heart histories is even more intense.

Painters and sculptors, no less than poets and musicians, have a naïve way of taking the world into their confidence.

Often, to be sure, the world is deaf and blind, and cannot understand. The poem is seldom suspected to be the cry of the poet's own heart; the song is sung with little of the composer's meaning; the beautiful face looks from the canvas with eyes into which the painter-lover painted his soul, and the world at large calls it merely a beautiful girl. In after years, when the biographies are written, the true meaning of these expressions of the artist heart is sometimes known. Yet how often it must happen that the real inspiration for many rare works of art is never dreamed of.

This is, perhaps, especially true of the plastic arts. It is, at least, difficult for us at this late day to know with much certainty the particulars of the lives of the artists of past centuries. Hundreds of pictures on the walls of church, palace, and gallery are to us simply sweet-faced

Madonnas, saints, and angels. Yet is it not probable that to their painters they were the mirrored faces of loved women? In some cases we know this to be true, and in others tradition makes us more than suspect it. Tradition, however, frequently misinterprets, and sometimes falsifies. Doubtless, tradition is responsible for many more scandalous than righteous tales.

It is only lately, for instance, that poor Fra Filippo Lippi's name has been cleared from a base story believed ever since Vasari's time. Every one knows how this painter-monk carried off Lucrezia Buti, the young novitiate, and how she refused to leave him, or he to give her up. Until very recently the title of "Mistress" was the only one bestowed upon her, while it was told of Filippo that he refused the Pope's permission to marry her, preferring to be free to follow the

dictates of a dissolute nature. Old documents have been unearthed, and now it is proved that the monk gave up his ecclesiastical revenues, and remained poor all his life, that he might marry the girl whose face had captivated him.

We have a very fair idea how this face looked. In all the principal works of her husband, Lucrezia's big, innocent eyes, wide, childlike forehead, piquant nose, and tender mouth have been immortalized. Most of his Madonnas are portraits of her; particularly, perhaps, the one in the Louvre, in which are two priests and six angels; those of his frescoes at Prato, and the ones in the Pitti and Uffizi. His *Gradino* in the Comunal Gallery of Prato, consisting of the Presentation in the Temple, the Adoration of the Magi, and the Slaughter of the Innocents, is thought to be the work he painted when he first induced the nuns

to let the young girl sit as model for the Virgin.

There is a grace, a naturalness, and a charm of color in all Filippo's work. He was the first to give the Madonna a tender earthliness, that, while it made her more human, did not detract from the exquisite purity of her face. It would seem as if these child-mothers might have been proof enough, without the resurrected papers, that the girl who posed for them was the well and faithfully beloved of the forsworn monk.

Not much is known of the wife of Perugino, Raphael's teacher. It is said, however, that the painter's greed for gain so largely developed in his later years, was partly caused by his desire to dress Donna Perugino in the height of fashion. Vasari states that he even personally superintended the making and placing of her elaborate head-dresses. She must have

had a winsome face, if it is true that she was the prototype of the Angel in Perugino's Archangel Raphael with Tobias, which is in the National Gallery of London. The painter was not to be blamed if he spent much time and thought in adorning it.

What kind of a woman could attract and hold a nature like Leonardo da Vinci's? Engineer, mechanic, musician, painter, sculptor, poet,—every phase of life and knowledge found some expression in this man, whose like has never lived. When it is remembered that many of the problems he propounded have never yet been solved; that his rules, measures, designs for aqueduct, bridge, road, and city foundations are still in advance of time; that his volumes of writings are too voluminous for complete translation; and that with all the rest of his vast knowledge and

achievements he painted a Last Supper and a woman's face, which the world still sighs in vain to surpass,—the brain refuses to photograph the personality of so complex and profound a genius. Whom, among women, could such a man have loved?

In the Louvre hangs the portrait of the wife of Giovanni del Giocond, known to the world as La Joconde, and Leonardo's Monna Lisa. Though time has dulled the once marvellous tones of face and hands, the power and fascination of that inscrutable, beautiful countenance, the grace and suggestiveness of those exquisite hands, are as apparent as they were nearly four hundred years ago. We do not know positively that Leonardo loved her. Tradition asserts that he did, and at least it is true that for four years he worked upon the likeness; nor would he sell it to any one



DA VINCI. — MONNA LISA.

till, almost at a command, he parted from it to the French king for the sum of three thousand golden crowns.

Perhaps the fair woman never dreamed of the feelings she inspired in the passionate breast of the great genius. Or perhaps her subtle, untranslatable smile hints otherwise. Did she know and taunt him with it? Or, with a mind akin to the painter's own, does the smile mean that she saw over and beyond and behind the passion, and found it too tragic for words or tears?

When Raphael died he was betrothed to Marie Bibbieni, and in the Pitti is the portrait he painted of her. Although the portrait is interesting as showing the kind of woman he could consent to marry, it is not his greatest work, nor does one feel any special charm of personality in the rather heavy face. To tell the truth, however, the portrait called the Forna-

rina, in the Barbarini Gallery at Rome, is not much more attractive. Yet very creditable report affirms that she was the woman who ensnared the heart of the young painter, and that even in his will he remembered her generously. He was so fond of her, according to rumor, that, while he was at work on the Farnesina, he domiciled her near by that he might see her daily. She is supposed to be the model for goddess and nymph in those wonderful frescoes and for several of his later Madonnas.

As Andrea del Sarto was the teacher of Vasari, the latter's account of his master's household affairs should be trustworthy. The tale Vasari tells of Del Sarto's wife is not a happy one. She was, to put it mildly, very much of a termagant, and her husband, no less than others who came in contact with her, suffered from her unruly nature.



RAPHAEL.—THE FORNARINA.

Yet, says Vasari, Andrea never complained, but counted it great happiness to be thus tortured by his fair-faced wife; by which, after all, we may suspect that there was something better in the wife than Vasari knew. Surely, judging from the many portraits of her by the husband who loved her till death, she must have been more than a selfish scold.

The Lady with a Petrarch in her hands, at Madrid, has been well called one of the world's great portraits. This is partly because of the marvellous skill of the painter, but partly, too, it is because of the personality of the subject. Portrait of a Lady indeed! The calm distinction of the brow, the quiet, reposeful air, the tender mouth and chin,—could this face have belonged to a woman such as Vasari describes Del Sarto's wife to be?

Another beautiful portrait of her is his Madonna of the Harpies, the greatest of Del Sarto's Madonnas. This picture hangs in the Louvre, testifying with no uncertain voice to the love the painter bore his wife. Standing upon a pedestal supported by two boy angels, the Madonna holds the Christ-child on her right arm, with St. Francis and St. John on either side of her. Her eyes are downcast, her dark hair rolls softly back from her forehead, which is higher at the temples than elsewhere, her mouth curves exquisitely, her hands are fine, and full of feeling. The composition as a whole is one of consummate line and mass. The drapery falls into rich, but simple folds; the color shows Andrea at his best; the picture is a masterpiece.

Not only in this, but in almost everything he painted can the lovable face be

found. In his Birth of Mary, in the Church of the Annunciation in Florence, she is the standing figure in a red gown in the foreground; in Three Magi from the East, in the same building, she is one of the Magian Kings. Also in the Annunciation is his Madonna del Sacco, one of his most remarkable works, possessing a rare spiritual quality; here she is again Heaven's Queen. She, too, is his St. George; and evidently also St. John, in the Pitti, with the deep, earnest eyes, bewitching mouth and chin.

Once more, in the Pitti, is the noted portrait of himself with an arm about his wife's neck. Here her mouth seems a trifle small. Otherwise it is the same charming face into which the adoring husband gazes with unhindered admiration. No,—in spite of Vasari, Donna del Sarto could not have been wholly bad or unloving.

The very power and originality of any great genius isolate him from his fellow beings. Yet, probably there are few, however far beyond their world intellectually and spiritually, but long at times for intimate human companionship. It is seldom that this longing finds its perfect fulfilment in the wedded life. Desperate for some personal tenderness, they bind themselves to the first pretty, shallow woman whose big baby eyes and curving rose-leaf lips look the sympathy their brain cannot supply. Whether, on the whole, they are afterwards unhappier than the ones who go sternly unmated through life, who can tell?

Until he was sixty years old, Michael Angelo stood unapproachable, alone upon the lofty summit of Fame, with no woman at his side to understand his longings and aspirations. From then, till her death, fifteen years later, all the



MICHAEL ANGELO. — VITTORIA COLONNA.

pent up devotion of a singularly solitary lifetime were given to Vittoria Colonna. So much has been written of the elevated affection between these two rare natures that it is unnecessary to enlarge upon it now.

One of the two portraits Michael Angelo ever painted was of this noble lady. Only his crayon sketch of it remains, but it is enough to give us a fair idea of the woman who was worshipped by one of the greatest men the world has known. Nowhere in his works is there any indication that Michael Angelo ever cared much for girlish loveliness. The outline drawing in the Uffizi is the profile of a woman mature enough to be sure of herself, whose gracious, nobly poised head, large eye, and sensitive, mobile mouth indicate calmness and strength, verve and fire, pride and purity,—the sort of face, in fact, capable of holding

forever the love of any man great enough to appreciate her.

In the Ducal Palace in Venice hangs the portrait group of Veronese's family. The elaborately dressed woman on the left is his wife. If we think rather of the magnificence of her clothes and jewels than of the charm or intelligence of her face, we must remember that she was of the end of the sixteenth century in Venice. That was when sumptuousness of color, and overdone richness in every detail of life, were the order of the day. Judging by the riotous splendor of much of Veronese's painting, it was the very thing he cared for most; it is logical to suppose that he and the none too slender, full-faced Venetian matron were well suited to each other.

An excellent artist was Quentin Metsys, who was born in Antwerp in 1466, and became a painter for love of

a woman. He was twenty years old, and a blacksmith, when he fell desperately in love with the daughter of an artist. She should wed only an artist, vowed her father. Quentin, no wise daunted, changed his anvil for a palette, his hammer for a brush, and, in the course of a year or two, proved to the irate father that he could be a son-in-law worthy of even his esteem.

The portrait of Metsy's wife, painted by his loving hands, hangs now in the Uffizi. It is a tender, sweet-faced girl, lovable rather than beautiful, with a heavy, white, nun-like head-dress. A rosary falls over perfect hands, which are drawn with extreme care; the finger nails exquisite in shape, with two heavy rings on the forefinger of the left hand. Her eyes are large and dark, her chin daintily constructed. A bit of still life is on a shelf behind her, clouds are seen in the

sky, through the open window. The face is happy and peaceful.

The great Spanish painters, Velasquez and Murillo, are said to have had quiet, happy, domestic lives. In the Prado is Velasquez's portrait of his wife, whom he married young, and always loved. She is in profile, with regular, almost perfect features, a quantity of soft, dark hair, large deep eye under a beautifully curved, but heavy eyebrow. It is a lovely, interesting face, and is a technical triumph of this magician of the brush.

No known portrait exists of Murillo's wife, but she is reported to have posed for many of his sweet-faced Madonnas.

Rubens married twice, and to each wife, according to trustworthy accounts, he was a devoted, affectionate husband. He made frequent portraits of them, and they are the models for many faces in his classic and religious pictures. One por-



RUBENS. — RUBENS'S WIFE AND CHILDREN.

trait of his first wife, Isabel Brandt, is in Berlin, and shows an earnest, thoughtful woman with finely cut features.

His second wife was a niece of his first, and was only eighteen when Rubens, then past fifty, married her. One of the most interesting portraits of her is in the Louvre, where she holds their little boy upon her lap while the small daughter is at her knee. The girl-wife's face is too full and wide, and the features too irregular for beauty, but she has a gentle, attractive expression, and her hands and arms are wonderfully lovely. In general it may be said that Rubens's portraits of his wives are in his more simple style, and are justly ranked among his best works.

Van Dyck's numerous love affairs probably prevented his caring much for any one woman. Court painter for one of the most dissolute reigns in England, the young artist lived faster and more

luxuriously than many of the wealthiest and most reckless nobles. He had numbers of mistresses, and imagined himself in love with many other women.

A portrait of Margaret Lemon, who tried to cut the cords of his right wrist when he finally married, is at Althorp, and he also painted her as Judith. Another portrait of her at Hampton Court is a grand Titianesque work, and proves her to have been very beautiful.

When, finally, at the king's command, he married Maria Ruthven, he gave up for the one remaining year of his life his previous immoral existence. The picture of her at Munich is a matchless example of Van Dyck's art. She is a very lovely girl, as she sits holding her cello, and it seems as if the fickle painter must have cared for her as much as he could for any one.

Saskia, the wife of Rembrandt's youth,



VAN DYCK. — MARIA RUTHVEN.

the woman whose face he repeated on canvas after canvas, in etching after etching, must have been a merry-hearted, petite body, with a winsomeness more attractive than greater beauty. Of the many portraits which exist of her, perhaps the one at Cassel best portrays the flower-like delicacy of her face.

Then there is the one in Dresden with a blossom in her hand. The best known is also at Dresden, where she sits on Rembrandt's knee, both faces full of laughter as he holds a long Venetian glass of beer above her head. The whole painting is mostly in the rich brown tones Rembrandt loved so well, Saskia's dress of varying green and reds making the one contrast. Over her hair is a golden network of lace, which falls among her auburn tresses, some of whose dainty ringlets escape on to her forehead and neck. There is a feeling of unconstraint, perhaps of almost too much

freedom, in the picture. The gaiety is so spontaneous, however, that one can only smile in sympathy. The Northern painter, who loved the mysteries of light and shade, as perhaps has none since Leonardo, gave a very human touch to all he did, and it is never more evident than in this bit of marital felicity.




REMBRANDT. — REMBRANDT AND HIS WIFE.

PART III.
MODERN ART.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GODDESS OF LOVE AND HER SON.

HEN an artist of the Renaissance portrayed a nude woman, he called her Venus. Whether there was any suggestion of the outlines and modelling appropriate to the classic Queen of Love made no difference. Venus was represented nude, and, conversely, any nude woman was Venus.

Artists of to-day, especially in France and America, often as they depict the undraped figure, seldom produce a Venus. Exquisite feminine forms, charming outlines, pose, and color, are simply labelled "Studies." This is no doubt partly due to the fact that, par-

ticularly in these two countries, the plastic arts are regarded more from the artistic and less from the literary point of view. There is a growing inclination to accept and judge a picture for what it says in its own language, instead of questioning its story-telling quality.

At the first exhibition of Ten American Artists, Mr. Joseph DeCamp's chief canvas was a nude woman, sitting in profile, her head on her hands, her beautiful auburn hair falling over her face and arms. The color and tone of the flesh, especially of the wonderfully modelled back, were rarely exquisite. Titian would have called the picture *Venus*. Mr. DeCamp gave it no such name. Yet, who cared? The charm of the figure was not lessened by the lack of a suggestive title.

This is merely as illustration of the tendency of to-day's art. It is not universally true. Many *Venuses* and *Cupids* have



CUPID WITH A BOW.

From painting by Marc Antonio Franceschini.

been painted and chiselled since the Renaissance, and will undoubtedly continue to be, so long as the symbols of love have any meaning.

One of the leading artists in Italy at the beginning of the eighteenth century was Marc Antonio Franceschini, notable both for his color and draughtsmanship. In the Uffizi is a delightful composition by him, *Cupid with a Bow*. The abounding life in the beautiful boy, and his roguish, irresponsible nature are shown with much skill and sympathy. The work is full of the light-hearted joy of Arcadia.

Franceschini, who was often called Volteranno, also painted the *Sleeping Cupid* now in the Pitti. He lies in the woods, his head on his arm, one chubby hand by his face, the other holding the bit of drapery below his breast, his wavy hair falling in tumbled confusion about his face and neck. A shadow, as if from the wings of

sleep, falls over his face, and bears his eyelids down, though his lips still curve with a true "Cupid" smile.

Canova, the prince of modern Italian sculptors, whose chisel has all the cunning and much of the spirit of the greater Renaissance, is represented in the Louvre by several statues, one of which is his Venus Victorious. Slightly draped below the waist, she lies on a couch, holding an apple in her hand. The classically perfect head is a portrait of Pauline Borghese. Somehow, lovely as the figure is, it is strangely unsatisfactory. Perhaps it is all a little too perfect, too prettily faultless.

His other famous Venus, a replica of which is in the Boston Public Library, also stands in the Louvre. Leaning slightly forward, drawing her drapery up to her breast, she suggests in pose and atmosphere (if a marble form can have



VOLTERANNO. — SLEEPING CUPID.

atmosphere) the Venus de' Medici. Of the majestic grace and purity of the great Melos, however, there is little.

A circular picture by Pelagio Pelagi, called the Education of Love, is well known by its reproduction. Venus is on her knees, holding a scroll in her hands, while Cupid leans against her and points to the letters upon it. It is prettily massed and possesses charm.

François Boucher ranks as one of the most famous designers of France. His works, however, are strongly saturated with the frivolity and sensuality of the Paris of 1740. As may be guessed, Venus and Cupid were favorite subjects with him. Among a long list are The Birth of Venus, at Berlin; Venus Demanding the Arms of Vulcan, in the Louvre; Venus and Adonis, in the Barker collection; Birth of Venus, Venus at her Toilet, and Cupids and Flowers,

all in Stockholm. Charming in color and line, many of these works breathe a debased morality that to-day finds hard to pardon.

A Nymph and Cupid, and a Venus, Bacchus, and Cupid, by G. A. Coypel, hang in the Louvre, and suggest a Rubensesque floridity. In the latter picture, Bacchus and Cupid, at an elaborately laid table, are pledging Venus, who is above in the clouds. The god of wine, his head thrown back, laughs loudly as he gazes admiringly at the goddess, and Cupid smiles too, with a knowing look. The drawing is striking, but the scene is artificial to the last degree.

Prud'hon, called the Correggio of France, had much of the color and wonderful chiaroscuro of the great Italian, with little of the sensuality of Boucher and Coypel. Two of his pic-

tures, which have brought large sums since his death, come under the heading of this chapter: Venus and Adonis, and Innocence, Love, and Repentance; his Cupid Chastised is in Dublin.

The first president of England's Royal Academy, Sir Joshua Reynolds, followed the custom of the time, and, except when he painted a portrait pure and simple, tacked a more or less sentimental name to his canvases. The Covent Garden Cupid and the Venus which he bequeathed to the Earl of Upper Ossory are two of his noted works. Others are Venus Chiding Cupid for Learning Arithmetic, Cupid as a Link Boy, and Venus with a Piping Boy. Everything that Sir Joshua painted carries with it an air of fine breeding and high distinction, coupled, too, with exquisite color and often with more than superficial earnestness. Besides the above

mentioned pictures, which are privately owned, is his Venus and Cupid in the Hermitage of St. Petersburg.

If the years have taken from the glory of Angelica Kauffman as an artist, they have in no wise lessened her fame as a brilliant, remarkable woman. Her pictures are well composed although somewhat commonplace, her drawing correct, if not distinguished. Nothing can make her color charming, however, and most of her work suggests the painstaking student rather than the enthusiastic amateur. Among a number of her paintings of Venus and Cupid, are Venus and Adonis, and Cupid at Play.

Full of the spirit of true classicism was the great Dane, Bertel Thorwaldsen, and all his works declare his love and study of the great antiques. One of his reliefs of Venus and Cupid is as simply and beautifully balanced as a true

Greek specimen. Venus is sitting half draped, one arm resting on the rock behind her, with the other on her knee, holding off Cupid's hand, who stands pleading before her. The lines of her figure are noble, her hair is quietly modelled, her face with its fleeting smile is of a pure classic type. Two doves are kissing below her, while a rose-bush grows on the other side.

Another relief is a group of gay little Cupids. One has his arm about a swan's neck, pulling him back for dear life. Two other baby figures are hauling apples from a tree whose branches are reached by one mite standing on the other's back. The grouping of all the merry little fellows is dramatically perfect, and their round, graceful bodies are exquisitely modelled.

Of the men who are now living and working, or who have so recently died

that they may be said to belong to the middle and close of the nineteenth century, few have devoted much time to portraying the goddess of love or her erratic son. Cabanel, Hamon, Picou, Perrault, Gérôme, Millet, and Bouguereau, in France, however, have all something to show under this head.

Cabanel, the teacher of so many prominent painters that he may well be called the master of masters, painted a Birth of Venus which ranks as one of his greatest achievements. The loveliness of grace, color, and line of this entrancing figure is hardly surpassable. Baudry's Pearl and the Wave, a similar conception, is one of the few modern works which strike a higher note.

Above the Venus numbers of bewitching Cupids fly about, triumphing in her birth and heralding her with shell trumpets. The Venus herself, lying so easily



BIRTH OF VENUS.

From painting by Alexandre Cabanel.



upon the waves, is just waking, and with one hand shields her long, half open eyes. The left arm is thrown back over her beautiful golden hair, which floats on the water far below her knees. One lock of the gleaming tresses strays tenderly over the extended arm till the breeze catches it and melts it into the air above and the water below. The figure is painted in the clearest light, modelled by imperceptible gradations of the most transparent, purest tones. When the work was first exhibited at the Salon it made a great sensation, and won for Cabanel three honors and the decoration of the Legion of Honor. Since then he has made two copies of it, both smaller, for Americans. The original was sent to the Luxembourg.

One of the first of the so-called neo-Grec school was Hamon, a painter of great charm, fancy, and imagination.

His Washing of Cupids, where some of the little Loves are in the water, some already hung up to dry, is one of his dainty conceits. There is a lack of color about it, for Hamon delighted in silvery gray harmonies rather than in vivid tones, but the drawing is so charmingly pure and true, the whole composition so ethereally frolicsome, that there seems little left to desire.

Allied to his brother neo-Grec, is Picou, whose brush was largely used to paint delightful Cupids in all sorts of conditions. Love on the Penitential Stool, Love at Auction, and a Harvest of Loves are some of a long list.

Cupid Rebellious and Sleeping Love, by L. Perrault, are more naturalistic but very attractive pictures of the Olympic boy. Sleeping Love lies under the trees, one hand up to his face, the other out-

stretched over his brow. He is a very tired, sleepy baby, with little of the god about him.

Before Millet began to paint his poems of peasant life, many charming mythological scenes came from his hand, and one of them represents another sleeping Cupid, infinitely lovelier, however, than anything Perrault ever designed. He is thrown flat on his back, his feet wide apart, with both chubby arms above his head. His face is mostly in shadow, but a delicious light under his chin and on his neck follows down the lines of his body. Beside him lies his quiver of arrows, ready for use.

Bouguereau is the artist of lovely line, perfect drawing, charming composition, whose mass and balance are unexceptionally fine. But his detractors say that he paints with a brush dipped in colors too pretty for living, pulsating flesh.

This is one reason why photographs of Bouguereau's works are more satisfactory than the paintings themselves.

In the Luxembourg hangs his version of the Birth of Venus. The goddess stands on a huge shell, dressing her hair, while in the water about are tritons and sea-nymphs watching her, and caressing one another. The shell barge is drawn by a large dolphin, astride of whose back is one roguish Cupid, while another, half on him and half in the water, mischievously pulls one of his fins. Above in the air are more little Loves, their figures perfect, full of life and rhythm. Venus herself is undoubtedly beautiful, the lines of her figure and the curves of her pose being almost faultless. Indeed, one feels the whole canvas to be "faultily faultless,"—as if it would be more a work of genius if genius were less apparent in every inch

of its lovely, perfectly designed and covered surface.

Far below the level of this picture is one by Kray, called *Venus Binding the Wings of Love*, where the goddess, holding her son in her arms, ties his wings together, much to his disgust. Thoroughly modern in treatment, there is little in the composition to make it better than a "popular" picture.

Raphael Mengs succeeded in producing many such popular designs, but most of his have about them besides something that makes them better worthy of praise. One of his best known works is *Cupid Sharpening His Arrow*. The curly-haired boy, with his wings curving up behind, his eyes and head thrown back, has stopped for a moment's reconnoitre before he continues his task. Charm and delicacy, with a captivating sort of mirth, make this an attractive little study.

By Schaus, another German favorite, is Cupid in Ambush. Two chubby little fellows are hiding behind thick foliage, watching through the leaves a man and maid beyond, whose heads are close together. One Cupid is about to let fly an arrow, and both are laughing delightedly.

Sir Frederick Leighton preferred to paint actual love scenes rather than the goddess of love herself, but once at least he painted Venus Disrobing for the Bath, now privately owned.

On June 17, 1898, occurred the death of Sir Edward Burne-Jones. With the exception of Rossetti, he was the most radical of the pre-Raphaelites. The dilettante and the amateur have an admiration for him bordering on worship. Many artists agree with the public in general, that his long, often ill-drawn women are ugly, their faces peevish, and the lines

of his composition frequently too complicated and meaningless. The truth about him is, probably, between these two extremes. Certainly some of his pictures are beautiful enough to stand the abuse of the present without losing ground for the future.

His Venus's Looking-glass is an original design, with fine lines. A row of maidens are bending down gazing into a pool, which is straight across the foreground and reflects their figures in its surface. One among them, in an attitude something like the Venus of Melos, stands upright, deigning to bend only her eyes towards the glassy pool below.

His exaggeration of pose and twisting of drapery is shown plainly in Cupid Sharpening His Arrow. Cupid is a lean, angular youth without joy, and Venus (who is apparently blowing the fire for him) is even less happily featured.

As has been said, few American artists produce Venuses, though some of their beautiful nude subjects might nobly bear the title.

Very lovely, but extremely modern in treatment, is Will H. Low's *Love Disarmed*. Cupid, a decidedly American little boy, stands at his mother's knee begging for the arrow she has taken from him. Venus herself, sitting upon a wooded bank, is clothed from her hips down, her hair simply but modishly arranged. Her face and figure are those of a charming American girl, and yet are so purely and delicately drawn that the classic outlines are not missed.

One of the most delightful of Loves is a study for a statuette of Cupid on a Ball, by Macmonnies. This is a joyous dancing boy, poised upon the ball on the tip of his left foot. His left arm is far outstretched, with the bow just sprung,

his right is curved and over his head as the flying arrow left it. Looking up after its flight, his face has a most winsome, laughing expression that steals straight to one's heart. Pose, construction, idea are all charming,—it is a Cupid to live as long as one of Correggio's.

CHAPTER VII.

MYTHOLOGIC AND IDEAL LOVE SCENES.

WHILE, as said before, there is a growing inclination to accept a picture or statue for what it is, rather than for its literary merit, the story-telling element enters into a large division of the plastic arts. There are many artists, as there are musicians, who use their art principally, to describe some word-definable scene or episode. Mother-love, the love of home, love for one's country, love of man and maid, are themes used over and over again. As in the Renaissance, the love stories of god and goddess still tempt the

brush and chisel, and even more than ever artists tell tender tales of their own imaginings.

Watteau, whose flower-like pictures of gay gallant and dainty damsel have an unapproached quality of their own, painted one of the famous love scenes of the world: The Embarkation for Cytherea, now in the Louvre. It has been called the first genuine painted poem of Europe since the Venetian Renaissance. As one looks at the sunny, golden atmosphere, the shimmering garments of rose, yellow, blue, ruby, and purplish violet, the gilded ship which is waiting for the groups of lovers, the myriads of Cupids pulling up sail, tightening ropes, flying about in the air, the Olympic grace and charm of the scene take one wholly captive. The distinctive characteristics of the various lovers are incisively yet delicately indicated, while their dependence upon one another as

component parts of the whole is no less expertly shown.

Watteau's *Jupiter and Antiope*, at the Louvre, suggests Titian without being an imitation. The nymph, whose sleep is disturbed by the king of gods, has a rosy, exquisite flesh that reminds one of Rubens. The delicate, piquant sensuousness of the whole painting, however, is far removed from the voluptuous fleshiness nearly always felt in the works of the great Flemish painter.

Amour Paisible, in the Neues Palais, of Potsdam, is another love scene by Watteau, somewhat similar in style and idea to the *Embarkation for Cytherea*.

François Boucher designed many love scenes, mostly from myths, but occasionally from ideals of his own. Exquisite technically, with charm of color and line, these pictures show the same sensuality always felt in his works. Among them



WATTEAU. — JUPITER AND ANTIOPE.

are, *The Shepherd Sleeping on the Knees of His Shepherdess*, at the Bordeaux museum; *Leda*, in the Douglas collection; *Jupiter and Calisto*, at the Louvre.

David, the painter who turned France back to the purity and severity of classicism, drew with a correctness bordering on rigidity, yet with beautiful line. His color was not wholly agreeable. His *Paris and Helen*, in the Louvre, is a fair example of his style.

Prud'hon's *Cupid and Psyche*; Delacroix's *Jewish Wedding*, in the Louvre; Kauffman's *Paris and Helen*; Gerard's *Cupid and Psyche*, at the Louvre; Reynolds's *Hope Nursing Love*, at Lansdowne House, *Cymon and Iphigenia*, in Buckingham Palace, and *Cupid and Psyche*; Greuze's *Danae and Betrothed Country Girl*, at the Louvre, together with Ribera's *The Favorite of the Day* (a jewel-laden, satin-clothed, unsmiling

Eastern girl led through costly Moorish halls, to her master), are all love stories by world-known masters. Since other works by the same painters are elsewhere described, it is enough, perhaps, merely to mention these. Most of them are privately owned.

Thorwaldsen's *Sale of Loves* is a delightful relief, full of both pathos and humor. At one end stands Venus, with a big basket full of little Loves, which she is selling to various applicants. An old man holds out his arms, begging piteously for one, but the little fellow flies away in disgust, while a matronly-looking woman is lugging another one off by his wings. Perched upon the back of a middle-aged man is one charming little figure, but his presence is unregarded. Others are going eagerly to women who clasp them tenderly, and bear them away with evident rejoicing.



Perhaps one of the most justly popular groups in marble is Canova's Cupid and Psyche. Cupid, with his wings high over his head, bends to the half prostrate Psyche, and lifts her face to his, while she raises both arms above his head. This masterpiece, with its beautiful lines, charming pose of the figures, and their relation to each other, well deserves the admiration it has received. The original is in the Louvre.

Sir Frederick Leighton's works show his keen delight in the tender passion, for he has illustrated many phases of the subject. Once it is Nausicaa Waiting for Odysseus, with the love-light in her beautiful eyes. Again, it is Cymon coming upon Iphigenia, who is asleep in the midst of a charming landscape. This is at the Fine Arts Society, in London. Hercules Wrestling with Death for the Body of Alcestis is a remarkably strong,

well-massed composition, the figure of Death, with his huge, black wings, being horribly gruesome.

Another famous work of this prolific painter is his *Helen of Troy*. The stately bearing and beautiful figure of Helen are finely expressed. The poise of the noble head is queenly, and the whole picture is a fine example of pure, classic line and spirit.

Wedded, at the Sidney Museum, New South Wales, has become so universally admired through photographs and reproductions that it seems unnecessary to describe it further. The figures are perfectly drawn; the pose is striking, yet natural and charming. The only fault in the composition is that the arch behind their heads gives no outlook beyond. There is nothing to take one's eyes from the two, or, once taken, to bring them back again.



WEDDED.

From painting by Frederick Leighton.

Leighton's successor to the presidential chair of the Royal Academy, Sir John Millais, was equally fond of painting pictures which tell of man's love for woman. Some of them are more popular than are much stronger canvases, yet they are well drawn and composed, with color, if not of living glory, at least interesting and reasonable. In this class come his *Yes or No*, *No*, and *Yes*. There is much good dressing in them, but of the style of the middle of this century, and one's eyes linger unpleasantly upon the out-of-date clothes. His *Huguenot Lovers*, however, strikes a higher note.

Burne-Jones's *Pyramus and Thisbe* is exquisite in line, though sometimes one feels a slight irritation at so much line. His *Romance of the Rose* is one of the loveliest decorative bits of modern art, as is, too, the *Briar Rose*. The *Chant d'Amour* and *Love Among the Ruins* are

two other noted works. His feeling for space, balance, and mass was rarely sensitive, and his expression nearly always truly poetic.

England's greatest poet-painter, and one of the greatest poet-painters of any clime, is George Watts. Long past his prime, he shows no diminution of power. Even the exhibition of 1898 at the London Academy held one of the most beautiful compositions he has ever produced.

This was called *Love Triumphant*, a subject which he treated very differently some years ago. In this latest work a man and woman lie prostrate upon the ground, their heads towards the spectator. The sickle of Death, which has mowed them to the ground, is under one arm of the man, who is face down, his left hand holding the hand of the woman who is flat upon her back beside him. Standing



YES!

From painting by John Millais.

between them is the figure of Love, triumphant even over Death. A whirling cloud of drapery leaves his figure almost bare. It is a gloriously youthful form, superbly posed. His arms are wide-outstretched to heaven, his head is thrown back, gazing upwards, while high over all arch his beautiful wings. The poetic conception of the whole is perfected by its lines and color. Though the two figures are not immaculately drawn, the utter prostration is so well expressed, and Love himself is so wonderfully fine, that it is hardly claiming too much to call it one of the world's masterpieces.

Love and Life, an earlier picture, is another notable work, showing a grand-winged angel leading a frail form over a rocky mountain path. The color in this is dull, almost monochromatic, but the tonal relation between the heavily robed

angel and the tender, lovely nude form is charmingly rendered.

Perhaps his best known picture is *Love and Death*, a composition whose pathetic, wonderful beauty only time's ravages can destroy. Death's figure, with the drapery which falls into such marvellous mass and line, is one of the most remarkably designed and executed figures in all painting. Nothing can be more beautiful than the pose, expressing, as it does, an irresistible, compelling power, free from any suggestion of personal desire, relentless, but without violence. His head is bent as if he would not see the ruin he is compelled to work, while the uplifted arm reaches calmly, unfalteringly above Love's head, to push open the door which the little figure guards so frantically. Love himself, with his arrows crushed behind him, his baby frame passionately, futilely protesting against the oncoming terror, is



WATTS. — LOVE AND DEATH.

a poetic epitome of all fond, suffering hearts.

The tragedy of love and life appeals strongly to this artist poet, and one of his saddest and most powerful works is *Orpheus and Eurydice*. This shows the two just as Eurydice is being forced back to the realm of shadow out of the arms of Orpheus. His agony, the utter helplessness of the fair maiden, the immutable fate that separates them, are all amazingly expressed. Technically, too, the balance of light and shade, tone and color, is wonderfully managed.

Very unlike Watts's poems are the *Idyls of Alma-Tadema*. Of late years they have less pastoral simplicity and more Oriental lavishness about them, but a certain unity of idea saves most of them from becoming mere ornate elaborations. The marble halls and balconies where he places his Greek or Oriental youths and

maidens form a delicately cool setting for the classic love tales he delineates so well. If there is a little of the hardness of the stone in his gracefully posed, historically correct figures, at least the color scheme is always an entrancing harmony, and the composition beautifully massed and balanced.

Among many similar scenes is the *Old Story*. This is unusually simple and suggestive. On a delicately veined marble seat are a girl and a man. She is sitting as far from him as possible, while he, leaning forward on his elbow, gazes intently at her. The color is charming, the poses are natural; the story is clear and dramatic. Other works of his are *The First Whisper of Love*; *Pleading*; *Who is it?* *Shy*; *A Love Missile*; *The Question*; this last one of his smallest and most delightful canvases.

One of the young painters of England

is Philip Burne-Jones, Sir Edward's son. If one may judge from the photograph of a recent painting by him, he is without some of his father's exaggeration, and with much of his talent. The picture referred to is called *The Vampire*, and shows a man apparently lifeless, thrown back on a couch, while leaning forward on her hands over him is the woman he had loved. Kipling's poem says in words what the brush writes in tone, line, and color :

“The fool was stripped to his foolish hide,

(Even as you and I !)

Which she might have seen when she threw him
aside,

(But it isn't on record the lady tried)

So some of him lived, but the most of him died.

(Even as you and I !)”

Israal, the Millet of the North, oftener portrays mother-love than the bond between man and woman ; but the most beautiful picture he ever painted tells the

old, old story as it seldom has been told. *Alone in the World* shows a peasant sitting with his head bowed in his hands beside a bed where the pall of death rests upon a toil-worn, year-worn woman. The light is dim in the little room, most of it coming in through one small window, and the figures are half immersed in the shadowy light. There is no attempt at carefully articulated forms, the color is sober, almost sombre, though never cold or thin, and style is absolutely lacking. Yet, something greater than all the technic of Paris holds one in thrall. The very heart of the lonely man is laid bare, tenderly, sacredly bare, and one can only stand with hushed breath, reading the love story of the old man's life.

Of the modern French school, Diaz left a number of love scenes, full of his indefinable, mystic charm, suggesting, in spite of an evident gaiety, the weirdness

of Poe or Hawthorne. The Lovers has something of this quality, chiefly recognizable, perhaps, in the shroud-like shadow enveloping the two. The girl is sitting upon her lover's knee, her arm about his neck, the color and shadow about her eyes waking memories of the warm depths of sun-haunted forests.

The coloring of Diaz was as distinctive as it was exquisite, and at his best he was a true poet with strong originality. His *Don't Come In* is a charming bit of genre. A young woman, with her throat bare, stands before a curtained door, which a little Love half opens. She beckons three women, standing near, not to come in, while a Love at her feet pushes one of them back.

Hamon and Aubert have also designed some idyllic love stories, full of a dainty grace. The last work of Hamon struck a deeper note than was usual to his aerial

fancy. The Sad Shore is the shore of Death, and on it he placed the famous lovers of history and poetry, such as Francesca da Rimini and Paolo, Dante and Beatrice, etc.

More in his lighter style is his Love on a Visit, where a little Cupid knocks at a knobless door and tries to hide his bow and arrows from the girl who looks laughingly out through a big crack.

Aubert's Cooling the Wings of Love, Approaching Love, and Love on a Vacation, are equally delightful fantastic imaginings. Love on a Vacation is a popular little canvas, showing Cupid on his journey, with a ridiculous bag in one hand (since he has no need for apparel!) and his bow and arrows in the other, standing before a young maid whom he has met on the path. Both figures are skilfully drawn, and the setting of the scene is a pretty bit of landscape.

The Florentine Poet, by Cabanel, and Bouguereau's Love and Youth, and a Nymph Combating with Cupid, are fine examples of the way these two artists have chosen to describe the universal passion.

Cot, who in his lightness and grace really belongs with Aubert and Hamon, reached in his Spring a classic simplicity and purity rarely attained by moderns. The maid and youth swinging among the trees in the spring-time sunshine are as exquisitely executed as the figures on a Greek vase, and have something of the same Arcadian spirit.

Lefebvre, another modern classicist, shows in his Toilet of the Bride his feeling for pure outline, serene composition, and delicacy of expression. He also painted the Moorish Bride.

Love's Messenger, a girl whose skirt full of roses two Cupids are trying to

steal, is by Chaplin, a true Parisian, with the Parisian's artificiality.

Taken by death before he had expressed half the artistic soul within him, Bastien Le Page, young as he was, will forever remain one of the great French painters of the nineteenth century. His *Love in the Village*, almost his last work, won all Paris, and has since, by its poetic grace and unaffected sentiment, gained the applause of the world. It is a simple enough scene of a rough peasant lad trying to ask the momentous question of a little lass who stands on the other side of the fence, with downcast eyes, timid yet eager. The pale green background is a little too monotonous and too noticeable, but otherwise, color, as well as drawing and composition, is poetically realistic.

Dagnan Bouveret's *The Blessing* is a faithful transcript of French peasant life,



SPRINGTIME OF LOVE.

From painting by Paul Thumann.

clearly showing the artist's skill in rendering the subtle values of light and atmosphere as well as the deep sympathy with which he approaches every phase of life. It is an interior scene where the young couple, who are starting to church to be made man and wife, kneel a moment before the old father for his blessing. Another room behind is full of maids and youths fluttering about the table spread with the wedding feast. Over all shimmers the golden sunshine, veiled by white muslin curtains at the window.

One of the greatest of colorists, with deep poetic feeling, and a magnificent draughtsman, was Paul Jacques Aimé Baudry, whose decoration of the Foyer of the Nouvel Opera in Paris made him also one of the few great mural painters. Among his poetic versions of old and new love tales are *L'Enlèvement de Psyche*, a phantasy of exquisite tones, *Leda*,

Orpheus and Eurydice, and Diana Driving Away Love. This last he repeated several times, always varying it slightly. Diana, stepping from a pond at the edge of the woods, finds Cupid sporting about, his bows and arrows lying on her clothes. She picks up one to drive him away, and he flies into the air to escape her wrath. She is a lovely creature, dark-haired, lithe, and graceful, and Cupid is the incarnation of roguish witchery.

Benjamin Constant, the Orientalist of gorgeous coloring, painted a Riff Pirate's Wife and The Women of the Harem, two rich-toned bits of Eastern poetry.

Kray's Psyche and The Fisherman's Love, Kaulbach's Helena, Dahl's Female Attraction, Von Bodenhausen's Hero and Leander, Beyschlag's Demanding Toll, Andriotti's Wooing, Netscher's Sacrifice to Venus and Sacrifice to the God of



From a Copley Print. Copyright, 1898, by Currier and Ives.

Love (both of which are in the Louvre), are all extremely popular pictures, and so familiar through photographs that description of them is practically unnecessary. Of most it is enough to say that they are popular because they tell a pleasing story rather than because they are true works of art. Like the majority of the works mentioned in this chapter, they are mostly in private collections.

On a slightly higher plane is Paul Thuman's *Spring-time of Love*, which has a charming chiaroscuro and whose two figures are in the main well drawn. A delicate tenderness is its strongest claim to appreciation.

America, again, has done less in this subject than other nations. Perhaps one of the most noted and best examples of what our painters have accomplished is William M. Hunt's *Marguerite*. The charming composition is noble in its sim-

plicity. The whole story is told in the face and attitude of the lovely girl who asks of the daisy's petals whether her love loves her.

In the Library of Congress, at Washington, Edward Simmons has nine tympanum decorations. One of these is Erato, a nude figure holding a rose, the flower of love. She is drawn with much strength and purity of line, and is splendidly placed. Mr. Simmons has done some remarkable mural paintings, and deservedly ranks among America's most noted decorators.

Walter McEwen is also represented in the Library of Congress. Among his nine panels, illustrating episodes in the lives of the Greek heroes, are those showing Theseus, Hercules, and Paris. Theseus, at the command of Minerva, is leaving Ariadne to her fate on the Isle of Naxos; Hercules, deeply fascinated



Copyright, 1896, by Walter McEwen. From a Copley Print. Copyright, 1896, by Curtis and Cameron.

WALTER MCEWEN. — PARIS AT THE COURT OF MENELAUS.

with Omphale, the Queen of Lydia, is discovered at her feet, dressed as a woman, and spinning. In the Paris panel, Menelaus and the Trojan hero are conversing at the former's court, while Helen looks on, listening. The composition is interesting in line, mass, and placing; the figures distinguished, simple, and forceful. Helen has hardly the grandeur of face which one expects, but her pose is dignified and graceful, her figure fine. Mr. McEwan has achieved a distinct success in this work, and has contributed nine really beautiful decorations to America's most noted building.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOVE SCENES IN LITERATURE.

PICTORIAL illustration of literary works is, on the whole, a modern invention. During the earliest years of the Renaissance there was, of course, with the exception of the Bible and works in Latin and Greek, very little literature extant. But till nearly the end of the eighteenth century these sources remained almost the only literary inspiration for painters and sculptors.

To-day many of the most talented artists give much time to book illustration, and fine paintings are constantly produced whose subject is found in some noted play, poem, or story.

Delacroix, born at the end of the eighteenth century, was among the first to illustrate a love tale. He has been called the Victor Hugo of painters, and his touch was of marvellous power and charm. His canvases glow with the very soul of his age, and, although drawing was not his strongest point, it is hardly missed in the midst of such remarkable imagination, strength of expression, and perfect presentation of time and place. One of his happiest effects is his Faust and Marguerite, a subject peculiarly adapted to his brilliant, searching, sympathetic treatment.

Boucher, earlier still, painted with extravagant brush a picture of Rinaldo and Armida. It is now in the Louvre. In spite of the debased point of view which one always feels in Boucher's works, it has a decided fascination of color and atmosphere.

Less noted for color than for a remark-

able depth of expression, is Ary Scheffer's Dante and Beatrice. Both figures are fine. She stands on the clouds, slightly above him, with her face uplifted to the sky, while he gazes at her with hungry eyes. The drawing is true and strong, and the scene dramatic, with a rarefied intensity of feeling.

Scheffer often painted Marguerite, also, generally alone, the wonderful expression he put into face, eyes, and pose telling at a glance the whole story. Among them are Marguerite at the Fountain and the Walk in the Garden. Another tragic love scene is his Paolo and Francesca da Rimini.

Many painters have tried to express the temptation, love, sorrow, agony, and repentance of Goethe's Marguerite, and Laurens's Faust and Marguerite in the Garden is one of the more successful attempts. Faust, tall and chivalrous, is

walking beside Marguerite, whose eyes are downcast as she nervously plucks to pieces a daisy. Faust has a haunted, sombre expression, but his eyes are ardent as he studies the fair, tender face beside him. The work has all the direct vigor and command of construction, of which Laurens is past master; the picture is great in the effect it produces by apparently simple means.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti required, more than most painters, the stimulus of some word description. Nearly every one of his pictures illustrates scenes taken from his own or some other poet's songs. While many of his paintings easily stand by themselves, purely as paintings, it is necessary, as a rule, to know what they illustrate, thoroughly to appreciate or enjoy them. Intensely, but subtly dramatic, full of a personality often erratic though usually charming, his works pro-

claim him a master of line and of a refined sensuousness hard to define. Poems dealing with the relation of man to woman appealed especially to him, and were the ones he most frequently illustrated.

One of his noted works is the Blessed Damozel, picturing his own poem by that name. It is the story of a maiden who waits in heaven with longing heart for the lover she left on earth. The Damozel, in a robe of sky blue with a scarf above of bronze tint with silvery hues, leans on one arm over the golden wall of heaven. Her deep golden hair is twined with purple stars and falls about a beautiful face, sad with watching. Behind her in the heavenly gardens are numerous reunited lovers, clad in deep blue, embracing each other in the midst of changing lights and shadows. Two ministering spirits are in front of the golden parapet,



ROSSETTI. — HEAD OF THE BLESSED DAMOZEL

their wings of blue so intense as almost to be flame, curving grandly over their heads; they lead the lovers up the heavenly path when earth has slipped from them. Between and immediately below these two is a seraph, an infant's head surrounded by wings of many curves and folds, of a deep and vivid green, about a face as sad as it is watchful. The picture is rarely fascinating, and if Rossetti's drawing had been as strong as his poetic conception, the only imperfection of an otherwise remarkable work would have vanished.

The Beloved is better drawn and in many ways more charming. It was designed for the words in Solomon's Song: "My Beloved is mine, and I am his; let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, for thy love is better than wine." The picture is presumably a marriage procession. The bride is clad in an apple green

robe lustrous as silk and splendid with gold and embroideries of leaves and flowers in natural colors. Her veil of tissue is a different green from her gown, and above her forehead is an aigrette of scarlet enamel and gold. Her face is fair and fine, with the least hint of blushes within the skin, her eyes are "amorous lidded," and there is great tenderness in her look. Below her, leading the procession, is a negro boy carrying a golden vase; his dark coloring furnishes the needed contrast to all the high light tones. The painting somewhat suggests Tintoretto.

Tristram and Iseult Drinking the Love Potion is another of Rossetti's mystic, fateful love scenes; and still another shows Launcelot and Guinevere at the Tomb of King Arthur.

There are few naturally happy love pictures among the works of this king of the

Pre-Raphaelites, fate-compelled tragedies appealing more to his nature. See, for instance, the Prison Scene of Marguerite and Faust, Paolo and Francesca, and Found.

In the first of these, Faust has come to urge Marguerite to fly, but though she embraces him passionately in love and terror, she lets him go without her. The devil has just entered and plainly urges haste. It is not a great drawing, yet the love and terror of Marguerite, the futile anguish of Faust, and the utter helplessness of both, caught in the maelstrom of destiny, are all wonderfully indicated.

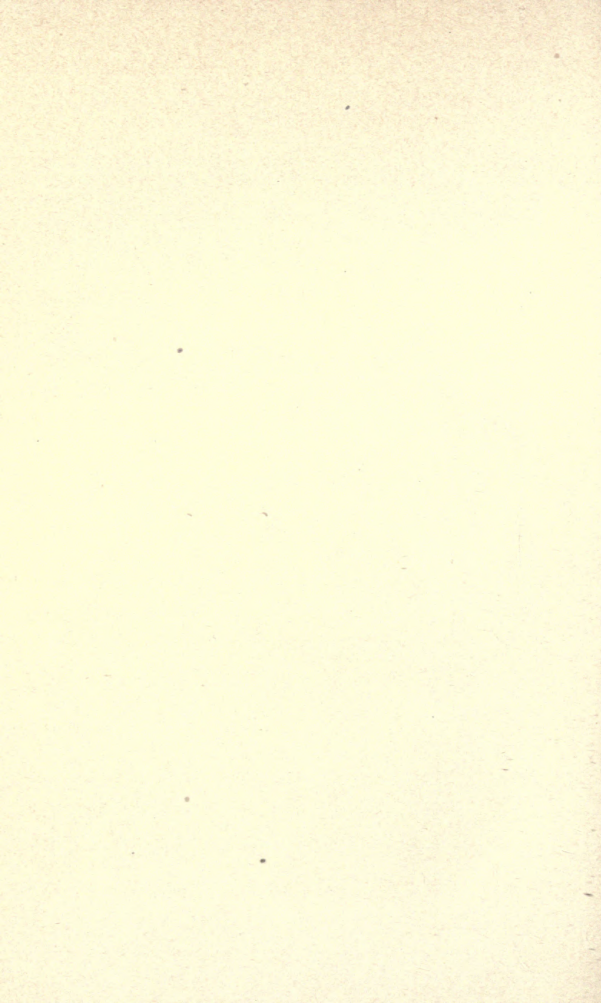
The first compartment of the Paolo and Francesca composition shows the two sitting in a summer-house beneath an arched opening, the book which has tempted them upon their knees, their heads together, their lips clinging. The story of King Arthur's guilty queen had been the

match to light the passion in their two hearts, and neither had strength nor desire to resist. The complete momentary abandon of the two figures is powerfully yet delicately insisted upon. As a composition it is well massed, the curved opening behind and above the man and woman adding much to the beauty of line.

In the second compartment of the picture the condemned pair are floating in the nether world, still clasping each other, their feet folded, their garments composed as if Death's hand had smoothed them. Dante, in the background, regards the figure of Love, who, holding a flaming heart, passes heavenwards on the other side of the picture, and seems to sign to Dante to follow him and to leave the couple to their fate. This is not without strength or a certain awesome charm, but it falls short of complete expression.



MILLAIS. — BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.



Millais was at one time strongly influenced by the Pre-Raphaelite movement in England, but he broke with the brotherhood finally, and now is chiefly known by his purely "Popular Works." Effie Deans is one of these. She and a dog are on one side of a fence, her lover on the other, with his hand on her arm. There is little to say about it, or about his *Bride of Lammermoor*, whose pale, suffering face will always appeal with strong pathos to the large majority.

With a hand trained to any demands his artistic concepts may make upon it, George Watts has perfectly rendered the poetic thoughts which fill his mind. There are few Englishmen whose technical ability is equal to their ideas. Watts's *Paolo and Francesca*, for example, is far ahead in its wonderful suggestiveness of the one by Rossetti. Not necessarily because the former's idea is more poetic, but because

he portrays it better. Heavily draped, floating into space, surrounded by storm clouds that whirl them like leaves, the two clinging figures express all the agony, the sin, the shame, and their everlasting love. The very spirit of Dante's lines lives again in the picture of the heart-breaking, immutable decree which condemns the lovers to eternal torment. The lines of the whirling clouds, the clasping figures with their voluminous drapery, all are wonderfully dramatic. It is a poem in line.

Cabanel also painted a *Francesca da Rimini*. With the French melodramatic instinct, however, he chose for his subject the moment when Francesca's husband has but just killed her and his brother. Although it is a ghastly scene, Cabanel has handled it so dexterously and with so true a touch that it is the spirit rather than the horrible materialization that



CABANEL. — DEATH OF FRANCESCA DA RIMINI.

appeals to one. Not the dying bodies and the murderous assassin are seen, but the passion of weak, sinning hearts and the outraged faith of a trusting husband. The composition is superbly balanced in line, chiaroscuro, and mass. The figures are splendid in drawing, the color rich and quiet. It is in the Luxembourg.

In the Luxembourg, too, France's monument to the merit of living talent, hangs James Tissot's Meeting of Faust and Marguerite. There is nothing devilish or sinister in the quiet scene. It is as if Tissot wished to impress the fact that great sin, great love, or great joy is not heralded by the presence of angels or demons. Marguerite, as she comes out of the church, is a demure maiden with downcast eyes, and a face as pure as it is sweet and tender. Faust, who greets her with much reverence of manner, is a gentlemanly looking, handsomely dressed

gallant, only the lower part of his face showing the fatal weakness in his character. Well drawn, and interestingly if not powerfully composed, the picture is unusually realistic.

One of the most pathetic of modern love stories is Boutet de Mouvel's drawing of Landry at the bedside of the dying Zavière. This is merely an illustration, pure and simple, of Ferdinand Fabre's charming romance of Zavière, but it deserves to rank among the pictures of true pathos and power. Zavière is in bed, a little Madonna hanging on the wall above, while Landry is on his knee, one hand holding hers, his head hidden on the bed, her right hand resting lightly upon his arm. So pale, so weak, so near to death is the little Zavière, that she cannot even deeply mourn the parting which is at hand. She is beyond all fear and all dismay; the brooding of the wings of the



TISSOT.—MEETING OF FAUST AND MARGUERITE.

angel of death have soothed and quieted her. With equal power has De Mouvel shown the agony of the boy lover, agony which yet for her sake he must constrain. Not a line of Fabre's story is needed to increase the effect of this intensely dramatic drawing.

Max and Makart, Kaulbach, Hoffman-Zeitz, Dicksee, Castagnola von Bodenhausen, Liezen-Mayer, have all painted scenes from well-known love stories. The constant sale of photographs of these works proves the appreciation of the public.

Among them is a dramatic canvas of Filippi Lippi declaring love to Lucrezia Buti, by G. Castagnola, who has followed Vasari's version of the affair.

On wave-swept rocks stands Hero, painted by Bodenhausen, gazing in anguish at Leander's body in the surf before her. Though somewhat theatric, the picture has power, and is decidedly vigorous

in handling. Herr von Bodenhausen is the painter of the well-known Nydia, with her basket of flowers, and great unseeing eyes.

Liezen-Mayer illustrated all of Goethe's Faust, and some of his designs are charming. In the prison scene he has depicted the change which has come over the beautiful face of Marguerite with real force.

Noted American painters have not only often used episodes taken from literature as subjects for painting, but the majority of them have done a great deal of book illustration. It is hardly asserting too much to say that some of the very best artistic work done in this country is to be found in that department.

E. A. Abbey's remarkable drawings for Shakespeare's plays are too familiar to need description. Perhaps as excellent as any are *Take, O Take Those Lips*

Away, from "Measure for Measure," where Mariana sits disconsolate on a high carved bench, ordering the young player to leave her to her sorrows; two scenes from "The Tempest," one where Ferdinand first meets Miranda, and the other where he holds both her hands in his; and from "The Taming of the Shrew," where Petruchio is lugging the terror-stricken Catherine down-stairs away from her frightened people. Master of composition, of graceful line and well-balanced mass, a strong colorist, and a perfect draughtsman, Mr. Abbey has put much of his great talent into these and other illustrations.

A volume of old English Songs and Ballads is full of his quaint conceits, love tales in line as well as rhyme. Among them are "Sweet Nelly, My Heart's Delight," "What Hap Had I to Marry a Shrew," "Here's to the Maiden .

of Bashful Fifteen," the lovely pictures of Barbara Allen, "Sally in our Alley," and "Phillada."

In one of the late London Academy Exhibitions, Mr. Abbey had a large canvas entitled Hamlet and Ophelia. It won great praise, but has not yet been seen in America.

Elihu Vedder, the American Mystic, in spite of his noted mural paintings and his large army of canvases, is best known by his wonderful illustrations for Omar Khayyám's Poem of Life, Wine, Love, and Death. If Mr. Vedder's color were less formal and sombre, his work would have few rivals.

Will H. Low is another painter, better known to the world at large as one of the most poetic of illustrators. Among his first successes were his designs for Keats's Odes and Sonnets. One of the most entrancing is for the "Ode to Psyche."

Cupid and Psyche lie asleep on the edge of a stream, high bordered by softest grass. Their wings are under them, and one arm of Psyche has dropped, letting her hand fall into the water. The two figures are exquisitely drawn, and over all is a sylvan, Arcadian charm. His illustrations for "Lamia" are even more beautiful, and show his art at its highest expression.

Kenyon Cox's illustrations for Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel" are vigorous and masterly drawings, without a trace of the mystic weirdness Rossetti's own interpretation seems to demand.

Mrs. Kenyon Cox has recently finished a picture which puts her well up in the list of skilful American painters. This is called *The Lovers*, and was inspired by Austin Dobson's poem of "A Song of Angiola, in Heaven." The two figures who have met in the lover's dream,

in heaven, are drawn with much poetic feeling, though their abnormal height at first creates a rather unpleasant effect. They are charmingly posed, and the lights and shadows are treated with unusual sureness of touch. Angiola is a lovely bride-robed figure, and the delicacy of the yet passionate greeting of the two is beautifully suggested. If Mrs. Cox's coloring had less of the hardness and thinness characteristic of her husband's brush, few women painters would surpass her.

H. Siddons Mowbray, an artist of strong imagination, of fine drawing and color, devotes most of his talent to portraying the simplest and sweetest of Greek idylls. He does not often illustrate, but one delicious half-tone by him accompanied the publication of Lowell's "Love and Thought." Thought is a lovely maiden, with bent brow, downcast, hidden

eyes, and tender, reposeful mouth. Love is one of the most piquant of Cupids ; he is neither the baby boy of Correggio and Titian, nor the lanky youth of Burne-Jones. Between the two ages, with his beautiful face roguishly sweet, his tumbled curly hair, his purely drawn, lithe little figure, he stands looking furtively at Thought, ready to fly in consternation if her reign is to begin.

“What hath Love with Thought to do ?

Still at variance are the two.

Love is sudden, Love is rash,

Love is like the Levin flash,

Comes as swift, as swiftly goes,

And his mark as surely knows.”

CHAPTER IX.

WIVES AND SWEETHEARTS.

EVERY lover finds himself forced to give outward expression to the tender thoughts within his heart. If he is a poet, he writes no rhyme but has his lady's image somewhere in it. If he is a composer, each theme he sings is wreathed with sweet melodic fancies of his heart's delight. When the lover is painter or sculptor, it is her face alone he cares to paint or model. Not only does he make portraits of her, every ideal face or figure he designs has something about it suggestive of her he loves.

It is, of course, manifestly impossible for

outsiders to recognize more than a very few of these love-likenesses. While a scandal is whispered broadcast, it is only occasionally, even in these days of telegraphic gossip, that the public is let into an artist's happy love history. So that to decide authoritatively what pictures idealize or realize the loves of modern artists is, except in a few instances, out of the question.

Boucher's wife is said to have been the model for many of his Venuses. In all his works he seems to have had but one type of feminine beauty, so it is fair to suppose that his wife remained his ideal. One of these semi-portraits is probably to be found in the Venus in the Berlin Museum.

In the fresco of the Hemicycle of the Fine Arts Room in the École des Beaux Arts, Delaroche, one of the princes of French painters, has immortalized his

wife in the figure of Mediæval Art. The loveliness of her face is enhanced by beautiful blonde hair, and the painter-husband seems to have put all his heart into this delineation of the woman he so deeply loved.

For many years Romney was passionately devoted to Lady Hamilton, and he painted her in every conceivable costume and pose. She was a very handsome woman, and Romney's pictures of her show his art at its happiest. He painted her as Diana; as Cassandra; as St. Cecilia; as the Tragic and the Comic Muse; as Circe and as a nun; as a Welsh girl and as Magdalen; in a servant's cap and with a veil over her head. She is the Bacchante now in the National Gallery, and also the Parson's Daughter. She, too, is Ariadne in a Cave by the Sea, owned by Baron Rothschild; and in the National Portrait Gallery is a picture of herself in



ROMNEY. — LADY HAMILTON.

her own fashionable apparel. Whatever the pose or imagined character, she is always Lady Hamilton, with the pure pink and white coloring and graceful lines Romney loved.

Greuze, one of the first French painters to moralize, had an unhappy married life, and though his wife was his model for many pictures of women, they can scarcely be called love-portraits. Once, however, Greuze loved deeply and was beloved in return. As the maiden was the daughter of an Italian nobleman who never would have consented to her marriage with the humble artist, Greuze heroically refused a clandestine wedding. His *Young Girl's Prayer to Cupid* is a memento of this episode in his life, and is one of his more charming works.

When Regnault was killed in the siege of Paris, he was but just engaged to Breton's daughter, whom he loved devot-

edly. As a rule Regnault's portraits, though of fine color and form, fail in expressing the highest emotions. His portrait of Mlle. Breton, however, shows him the lover as well as the painter, and is a picture of great power, wonderfully drawn and posed, and of exquisite flesh tones.

All the world knows the love story of Sir John Millais: how, when a very young artist, with his laurels yet to win, Ruskin asked him to paint his beautiful girl-wife; how the two found their heart's mate in each other, and how Ruskin, with a nobility only half appreciated, made it possible for the two to become wedded.

The Huguenot Lovers is generally supposed to be the picture Millais painted during the weeks the two were learning to know each other, and it is perhaps his most perfect as it is his most popular



MILLAIS. — THE HUGUENOT LOVERS.

canvas. The tender affection, the heart-breaking parting, are wonderfully portrayed. The two figures are charmingly drawn and posed, the contrast between her fairness and his darker tones is well conceived, and the whole canvas breathes the deep love which inspired it.

Millet almost never painted wholly from nature. His scenes of peasant life, he had, as it were, absorbed into his heart and mind, and he painted what he found there rather than what his eyes literally saw. It is true, however, that his wife posed for many of his women figures, and, though there is no exact likeness, his thought of her and the tender affection he bore her are more than hinted at in many of his home scenes.

In the *Woman Sewing by Lamplight* we may be almost sure it is Madame Millet who sits under a crude hanging-lamp, busily plying her needle. The weak

beams throw only her profile into light, while the dark shadows hang close about her. She is roughly dressed, with a big drooping cap, but her face is lovely, and every line tells of the tenderness in the painter's heart for all toiling, patient woman and wifehood.

In Couture's large canvas, *The Decadence of the Romans*, the woman in it, who is presumably Venus, was a portrait of her who afterwards became his wife. This is his greatest triumph. Self-conceit kept him from progressing, and he never again equalled this effort of his youth. The scene represents an orgy, and the magnificent woman who lies on a long couch looks out with large eyes wearily at the riotous gaiety. Her beauty is of a grand type, and Couture painted it grandly, as became the lover who was yet unmarried. The work hangs in the Louvre.

In the *Sad Shore*, by Hamon, which has been previously noticed, this artist put, among other groups of lovers, the wife whom he had loved and lost. She is being consoled by Cupid himself in the absence of her husband, a task which Cupid, with his eye for beauty of face and form, must have well appreciated.

Beata Beatrix, in the London National Gallery, one of the loveliest faces Rossetti ever painted, is a poetic version of his wife. Over and over again, until her untimely death, he pictured the face which was so dear to him, but never more exquisitely than here. She sits with loosely folded hands looking up to the heaven her spirit has already reached. Unseen is the dove of rose-colored plumage who brings her one white poppy,—a sign of death and chastity. Her face is dreamful, tender, wistful. The true spirit of the woman Rossetti loved so long was caught and

imprisoned here, that the world might see her even as he did.

In the Luxembourg is one of the great portraits by Carolus-Duran. This is named simply The Lady with the Glove; but the dignified, charming woman is really the painter's wife. Light and color, which he commands to an extraordinary degree, are here employed with even more than his usual power, and the movement of line and transparency of tone are both felicitous. If Carolus-Duran sometimes seems to be more *en rapport* with the robes and accessories of his sitters than with their mental characteristics, in this portrait of his wife he shows himself master as well of the higher attributes of his art.

La Vierge Consolatrice, in the Luxembourg, is one of the most satisfactorily beautiful of the many canvases signed by Bouguereau. The mother, who has thrown



ROSSETTI. — BEATA BEATRIX

herself distractedly across the knees of the Virgin Mary, mourning the death of her beloved baby, is a likeness of his wife. In the unendurable, helpless grief of the picture, he represented his own feelings at the death of her and their child. He sold the picture to the government for twelve hundred francs, having previously refused from private parties twice that sum.

C. de Vos is one of that rare group of painters in Holland who use their technical dexterity never for display, but only for the furthering of some higher spiritual beauty. In the Museum of Brussels he has a wonderful portrait group. It shows himself, his wife, and their children, and the very spirit of the home-life is caught and vividly expressed. The wife has a very Dutch face, and to our notion is not beautiful, but her expression is full of tenderness.

A famous picture by Mariano Fortuny is the Spanish Marriage, sold to Mme. Cassin. The wedding party have gathered to sign the marriage contract in a large sacristy, whose walls are hung with Cordovan leather. Glowing in color, fine in composition, with elaborate accessories, it shows Fortuny at his best, and with good reason. He had been but just married to Madrazo's daughter, and this canvas was painted when his own nuptials were fresh in his mind. The bride is a portrait of his wife.

Scarcely an American artist, it may be said, but has portrayed his wife or sweetheart over and over, now in portraits, now as the subject of all sorts of picture-stories. To describe one-half would be now impossible, but a few of the more noted ones may be briefly mentioned.

Abbott Thayer has been called our greatest artist, and John Sargent, our

greatest painter. The characterization is a somewhat just one, yet that does not preclude Mr. Thayer from being also a very beautiful colorist. Can any color scheme be more charmingly appropriate than that in the picture of the wife of his youth with their child in her lap? As a portrait it was declared to be wonderfully lifelike; and the deep-toned eyes, with the hint of suffering in them, the pale, pure face, and the pensive mouth make the face rarely exquisite.

Mr. William M. Chase has painted his piquantly pretty wife many times. A delightfully natural scene shows a corner of an artistic room, with his wife and little girl sitting there. It is a very easy, sympathetic bit of genre, and shows Mr. Chase at his best.

How many of our modern "masterpieces" will be masterpieces a hundred years from now? Unless time wholly

ruins the exquisite tones, one portrait in the Metropolitan Museum in New York must, it would seem, remain what it is to-day, — a masterpiece in line, curve, modelling, pose, color, tone, and delineation. This is the portrait of his wife, by the late Dennis Miller Bunker. Dying when he had but begun his life, this youthful painter had already proved himself one of the foremost of American artists, and there were many who prophesied for him an enviable height on the world's ladder of fame. In some ways this golden-haired woman, with the glorious, unfathomable eyes, with the royally poised head, the proudly perfect mouth, the exquisite paleness of skin which hints of a flush beneath, is his most remarkable achievement. Any height seems possible to the man whose brain could guide his hand to such perfection.

Whether Wilton Lockwood is a painter

with a manner, or whether he is singularly free from even a vestige of affectation, is perhaps a question. His heavy, coarse canvas, and the thinness with which he spreads his pigments upon it, suggest at least a technical style that seems purposely adopted rather than naturally fallen into. A certain misty, cloud-like effect, too, is so universal in all he does, that again one feels inclined to suspect a receipt. Yet, as a whole, his works are remarkably direct, simple, and naturally individualistic. Interesting they always are, often charming, sometimes really poetic. He has painted his wife in all sorts of gowns and poses. One of the best of his works reveals Mrs. Lockwood standing in a dark gown, her baby in her arms. Her brown eyes, rather round face, with the soft, dark hair loosely away from her forehead, show the skill of her husband at its height.

Mr. George de Forest Brush's *Mother and Child*, in the Boston Art Museum, is a picture of his own wife and child. It is difficult to maintain a critical attitude before such work as this. Drawing, showing the absolute knowledge and surety of hand and brain, entrancing chiaroscuro, poetic depth of feeling, are all here united. The color alone is not quite so wonderful in its reality. It is hard to pick out any particular beauties, but has any one ever portrayed tenderer, truer, more womanly, motherly hands than the two clasped about the beautiful baby boy?

William M. Story, Duveneck, and Herbert Adams have all immortalized the women they loved in undying marble. Mr. Story's monument to the memory of his wife is full of a classic beauty, simple and dignified in its expression of bereavement. An angel kneels behind the curved plinth, her face upon one arm resting on





its top. The other has dropped over, and hangs with loosely open hand, from which the laurel branch has fallen. Beautiful large wings drooping from each shoulder enhance the grace of line and curve.

In the Boston Art Museum is the tomb of Duveneck's wife. Lying out at full length, covered with simple, slightly broken drapery, showing the curves of the fair figure beneath, her hands patiently folded on her breast, is the sculptured image of the artist's worshipped wife. Fair as is the form, the purity of the face is even lovelier with the peace of the spirit of Death resting upon it. Few American sculptors have done nobler work than this.

A bust by Herbert Adams of his wife has been seen at several exhibitions, and must be well remembered. It is a piquantly charming head, poised with a dainty grace upon delicately firm shoulders.

Seen full in the face it apparently represents some sober Puritan maid, with a sweetly downcast look, as appealing as it is pensive. The profile, on the contrary, shows the tip-tilted nose, the irresistible curve of the upper lip, the almost saucy bend of the whole head. Puritan maid no longer, she is a gay little French girl with all the indefinable, attractive charm of that mobile race.

Messrs. Will Taylor, Irving Wiles, Albert Steiner, C. D. Gibson, and many other of our best-known illustrators who are also painters, fill their compositions with likenesses of their wives. It is safe to say that the characteristic woman of each of these artists mentioned represents, in every case, the lineaments of her who is at the head of his household.

They do not tell the world in so many words, these modern artists, of the depth of their love, but to those who can read

the story of pen, brush, and chisel, no words are needed.

“ Oh, Love! young Love! bound in thy rosy band,
Let Sage or Cynic prattle as he will,
These hours and only these redeem life's years of
ill.”

THE END

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